

## University of Texas at Tyler Scholar Works at UT Tyler

---

By Title

Civil War Newspapers

---

2016

# Mississippian (Weekly, Semi-Weekly and Daily) [Jackson, MS], January 3, 1860-July 10, 1864

Vicki Betts

University of Texas at Tyler, [vbetts@uttyler.edu](mailto:vbetts@uttyler.edu)

Follow this and additional works at: [https://scholarworks.uttyler.edu/cw\\_newstitles](https://scholarworks.uttyler.edu/cw_newstitles)

---

### Recommended Citation

Betts, Vicki, "Mississippian (Weekly, Semi-Weekly and Daily) [Jackson, MS], January 3, 1860-July 10, 1864" (2016). *By Title*. Paper 132.  
<http://hdl.handle.net/10950/489>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Civil War Newspapers at Scholar Works at UT Tyler. It has been accepted for inclusion in By Title by an authorized administrator of Scholar Works at UT Tyler. For more information, please contact [tbianchi@uttyler.edu](mailto:tbianchi@uttyler.edu).

WEEKLY, SEMI-WEEKLY AND DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS]  
January 3, 1860 - July 10, 1864

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], January 3, 1860, p. 1, c. 7

Southern Manufacturing Village.

A correspondent of the Mobile Mercury recites the interesting and instructive history of the village of Bankston, Choctaw county, Miss., the seat of a thriving cotton factory, the origin and source, indeed, of the village's wealth and prosperity. Eight years ago, when the factory was established, Bankston was but a rough place, situated in a muddy creek bottom, and surrounded by a rough population. Beyond the factory, indeed, nothing was to be seen but the trees of the forest, the stumps and tops of what had recently been trees, and here and there a house of no pretension to beauty, and hardly affording the necessary comforts of life. But now, how changed the appearance of our town—as well as our real circumstances, continues the writer, "we were then living almost in the woods, and our operatives in rough board shanties; now we are living on the hills round about, with lawns and flower gardens, and orchards, and they in neat, comfortable houses, well arranged in nice streets and shady groves, presenting the appearance of civilization and cultivation. We have, moreover, the best of municipal regulations, which are generally observed, or if violated, strictly enforced; a flourishing Sunday School, kept up all the winter; a Baptist and a Methodist church; and last, not least, we have a lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars, a temperance order, numbering about sixty members, all good men and true.

"And all this happiness and prosperity is the gift of one cotton manufactory, whose own history, we are led to infer, has been an equally prosperous one, both to the proprietors and operatives. The former are now, doubtless, ranked among the wealthy and influential men in that part of the State, while the latter are their equally happy neighbors, 'Living off on the hills around, amid flower gardens and orchards and shady groves.'"

And what is the pleasing history of Bankston, Miss., might be that of thousands like it in other equally flourishing States of the South—Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, and the northern portion of our own State. All of them enjoy the same genial and equable climate, abound in the same valuable water privileges, and producing themselves the raw material in excellence and abundance, they might of themselves work it up with the same advantages, and with the same happy result.—N. O. Picayune.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], January 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Last Concert!!

Jinck's Ethiopian [sic] Minstrels will give their fourth, and last Concert on Thursday, the 5<sup>th</sup> of January, at Spengler's Hall. Grateful for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, the Manager has been induced to give one more entertainment in Jackson, prior to a tour through Texas.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], January 6, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

### Something Old, Yet New.

The lovers of good old-fashion music, as well as of genuine instrumental performances, and of the sweet and simple ballad, and choral and glee, and music of that class that is level with the universal sympathy, should avail themselves of the opportunity now afforded them of gratifying their taste by the talented company at Spengler's Hall to-night. These "Old Folks," so called, though none of them are superannuated by any means, give a most varied and attractive programme of performances. "Sweet Jenny Twitchell," as we see the New York papers are calling her, and pretty Annie Granger, and the rest, sing solos, duos, quartettes, &c., while Messrs. Hall and West discourse most exquisite music as a band. It is worth while to go to Spengler's Hall, if only to hear the "magic echoes."

For programme see small bills which will be distributed through the city; also, advertisement in another column.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], January 10, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

A Real Wonder Coming.—M'lle. Christine Milly, the most astonishing, wonderful and interesting freak of nature ever witnessed is about to visit our city on Monday next, for the purpose of giving her levees. She is a pretty and intelligent girl, nine years old, having two well-formed heads, four arms and four legs, two hearts, one on each side of the breast. She eats and speaks with both mouths, is remarkably active, and beautifully formed; uses all her limbs with equal facility in walking, dancing or sewing; and converses with two persons on different subjects at the same time. so wonderful a curiosity will certainly meet with success in our city.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], January 13, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Fair.—The colored people connected with the Methodist Church in this city will hold a Fair at their Church, this and to-morrow evening. The proceeds will be applied to the liquidation of the expenses incurred last summer in the repairs and general improvements of their Church.

Tickets for whites, \$1; colored people, 50 cents. Refreshments free.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], January 13, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Ballad Concert.—An elegant entertainment, composed of the beauties of popular operas, together with the favorite songs, ballads and duetts [sic] of England, Ireland, Scotland and America, will be given by the accomplished American tenor, Henry Squires, of the Academies of Music, New York, Boston, etc., and recently of the Strakosch Opera Troupe, in this city, to-morrow evening. He will be aided by the wonderful and talented child, "Little Mary McVicker," who, the Cincinnati Commercial says, "is as *petite* a specimen of a fair done up in crinoline as ever captivated humanity. We don't know how old she is. We can't guess. In stature she is about equal to the divinities of the court of Oberon; in form as veritable a sylph as ever tripped it, beneath heaven's silver lantern, to the music of the nightingale. Her voice is sweet and astonishingly powerful, and her execution artistically correct. What time may develope [sic] we know not, but if the day of her life only equals the promise of the morn, she will become one of the celebrities of the age.

Let there be a full house.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], January 17, 1860, p. 2, c. 7

Cotton Manufactory.—Our enterprising fellow citizen, Mr. John M. West, we learn has,

in connection with the capital invested by himself, secured the sum of about \$40,000 for the purpose of building and putting in operation a Cotton Manufactory in this neighborhood. And from present indications the establishment of such a factory is a fixed fact.—Lexington Advertiser.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], January 18, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

At a ball which lately came off at Alexandria, Virginia, the ladies generally appeared in handsome and fashionably cut and fitting dresses, made entirely of Virginia linsey.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], January 20, 1860, p. 3, c. 5

Just Arrived—Few Days Only!

Prof. Zudkiel—the Celebrated Scientific Astrologer and Phrenologist, will unfold the Past, Present, or the Future, and give information on all matters of life—Lawsuits, Marriage, Love, Business, Success, &c., &c., by Planetary Calculation. Call soon at rooms at Mr. Owens, corner of Pearl & President Sts.

Jan 19 '60.2t\*

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], January 21, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Theater.—Macfarland's Celebrated Dramatic Troupe will commence a series of performances at Spengler's Hall, to-night, as our readers are informed by advertisement in another column. We predict a brilliant success for this Company, as it is said the artists possess fine talents.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], January 24, 1860, p. 3, c. 5

Summary: Theatre—Spengler's Hall—"Simpson & Co.;" "Husband at Sight"

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], January 25, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

Home Manufactures.—Texas seems about to take the lead in the South in home manufactures. A large amount of cabinet ware is produced in all the towns of that thriving State. In Rusk county carriages are made of the best workmanship and latest styles. In other places there are excellent cotton and woolen factories, and flouring mills are beginning to be numerous. For a young State, Texas has made a handsome beginning.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], January 25, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Grand Concert  
at the  
Bowman House,  
by the  
Old Fogies'  
Concert Company,  
On Monday and Tuesday Evenings,  
January 20<sup>th</sup>, and 21<sup>st</sup>.  
Admission \$1.00. No Half Price.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], January 25, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Summary: Theatre—Spengler's Hall—"Naval Engagements;" fancy dance, comic song, dance; "Rough Diamond"

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], January 26, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Summary: Theatre—Spengler's Hall—"Second Love;" fancy dance, comic song; "Lottery Ticket"

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], January 27, 1860, p. 3, c.

Summary: Theatre—Spengler's Hall—"Lady of Lyons;" fancy dance, comic song; "Nature and Philosophy"

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], January 31, 1860, p. 3, c. 6

Summary: Spengler's Hall--Peak Family Swiss Bell Ringers, to be followed by play "Charles 2<sup>nd</sup>"

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 1, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Summary: Spengler's Hall—Peak Family Swiss Bell Ringers, to be followed by play "All That Glitters Is Not Gold"

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 2, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Summary: Spengler's Hall—Peak Family Swiss Bell Ringers, to be followed by play "Serious Family"

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 2, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

#### Grand Fancy Dress and Masquerade Ball.

To be given at the Bowman House, on Thursday evening, the 9<sup>th</sup> of February. Mon. S. B. Theerry, from New Orleans, will be in Jackson on Tuesday, the 7<sup>th</sup> inst., with a large assortment of Costumes, etc.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 3, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Summary: Theatre—Spengler's Hall—"Honey Moon;" fancy dance, comic song, "In and Out of Place"

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 4, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Summary: Theatre—Spengler's Hall—"Black Eyed Susan;" fancy dance, comic song, "Rough Diamond"

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 7, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Grand Mask and Fancy Ball at the "Bowman."—Maj. Hillzheim, the generous proprietor of this princely establishment, designs throwing open its splendid saloons on the evening of the 9<sup>th</sup> inst., for a *grand mask and fancy ball*, at which will be assembled the beauty, fashion and chivalry of this city and all the surrounding region. We acknowledge the courtesy of a polite invitation to be present on the occasion.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 7, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Theatre—Spengler's Hall—"Invisible Prince;" fancy dance, comic song, "Husband at Sight"

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 9, 1860, p. 2, c. 7

Summary: Theatre—Spengler's Hall—"Honey Moon;" fancy dance; "Nature and Philosophy"

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 10, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Summary: Theatre—Spengler's Hall—"Daughter of the Regiment;" fancy dance; "Rival Pages"

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 11, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

The Grand Fancy and Masked Ball at the Bowman House, on Thursday evening, was a decided success. The whole affair passed off with marked decorum and propriety; and the generous and popular landlord, Maj. Hillzhiem, outdid himself in the magnificence and splendor of the entertainment.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 11, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Summary: Theatre—Spengler's Hall—"Noemie;" fancy dance; "Object of Interest"

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 11, 1860, p. 3, c. 4

Summary: Orton & Older's Circus will perform in Jackson February 14 and 15

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 14, 1860, p. 1, c. 7

Swiss Cake.—One and a half cupfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of butter one cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, and one and a half teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Flavor to your liking.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 17, 1860, p. 1, c. 7

#### Dialogue on Newspapers.

"How does it happen, neighbor B., that your children have made so much greater progress in learning and knowledge of the world, than mine? They all [fold in paper] for what I know, enjoy equal advantages."

"Do you take the newspapers, neighbor A?"

"No, sir, I do not take them myself; I sometimes borrow one just to read. Pray, sir, what have the newspapers to do with the education of children?"

"Why, sir, they have a vast deal to do with it, I assure you. I should as soon think of keeping them from school, as to withhold them from the newspaper; it is a little school in itself. Being new every week it attracts their attention, and they are sure to peruse it. Thus, while they are storing their minds with useful knowledge, they are at the same time acquiring the art of reading. I have often been surprised that men of understanding should overlook the importance of a newspaper in a family."

"In truth, neighbor B., I often think that I should like them, but I cannot afford the expenses?"

"Can't afford the expenses? What, let me ask, is the value of two or three dollars a year,

in comparison with the pleasures and advantages to be derived from a well conducted newspaper? As poor as I am, I would not for fifty dollars a year deprive myself of the happiness I now enjoy of reading and hearing my children read, and talk about what they have read in the newspapers. And then, the reflection that they are growing up useful and intelligent members of society.—Oh, don't mention the expenses—pay it in advance every year, and you will think no more of it."

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 17, 1860, p. 2, c. 7

A White Woman Running Away with a Negro Man.—The Chattanooga Reflector says a white woman by the name of Mary Wilson, of Adairsville, Ga., came up to that place on the Georgia train on the 6<sup>th</sup>, with a big buck negro belonging to a gentleman of the former place, who she had stolen with the intention, it is believed, of running him off to a free State. Mary was dressed in men's clothes. They were arrested and lodged in jail.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 21, 1860, p. 1, c. 7

The Alexandria (Va.) Sentinel says that homespun is becoming all the fashion with the sterner sex in that part of the State; but so far very few ladies have appeared on the streets in their lindseys [sic] and gingham.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 24, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

For the Mississippian.

Begging Their Bread in New York  
And Returning to Slavery in Arkansas.

Ed. Mississippian:--The Abolition papers, says the New York Day Book of the 11<sup>th</sup> inst., just now contain a very affecting and melancholy appeal from some free negroes who have left Arkansas for good, asking alms and support from Northern people, the names of whom, at the close of the paragraph, some dozen in number, are given, which it is barely possible, the Day Book adds, our friends in Arkansas will find to be fictitious. Now, whatever may have been the fate of a majority of those unfortunate creatures driven from their homes to fail in receiving the alms and protection sought at the hands of those who have brought upon them their present distress, the following narrative related to me a day or two since, will at least account for the whereabouts of some five or six of them who have sought as the last resort save one, the blessings of liberty in a free State. Says Mr. F., the brother of Judge F., for many years a well-known and popular citizen of Mississippi, but now of Arkansas, on his arrival at Napoleon, a town on the bank of the Mississippi, a few days ago, he witnessed at no great distance a somewhat enthusiastic mingling and shaking of hands between a crowd of citizens and some negroes which at first struck him with some surprise. On his near approach, however, he recognized one of the men, a barber who had just arrived with four or five other negroes from Cincinnati for the avowed purpose of becoming slaves to Southern masters in preference to the enjoyment of freedom, so-called, in the Northern States. A more affecting scene, says Mr. F., than the one above mentioned, he has rarely witnessed. With tears and sobs, they told of the cold reception, illiberal and inhuman treatment they had received at the hands of those who make such loud professions of love and friendship for the negro race, and declared themselves then ready to be sold into slavery.

Now, however strange this may appear to Southern men, it is a matter of no surprise.—Nothing is better understood in the South than the total aversion that the more intelligent negroes of the South have to Northern men and Northern freedom; and if there was no other evidence with which to disprove the slanders heaped upon the institution of Southern slavery and slaveholders, and forever stamp the dark and malignant brow of Abolition with wilfull [sic] and unmitigated falsehood, the tenacity wit which free negroes of the South cling to Southern men and southern institutions, would be ample and overwhelming; preferring, as many do, as a last resort, slavery itself, to be driven out among those whom they know are only hypocritically professing to be their friends. It is a well-known fact that had the bill which passed the late House of Representatives, and failed by only one vote in the Senate, become a law, our free negroes had determined on Jackson slavery in preference to Northern freedom.—So much for the glories of Northern freedom and the horrors of Southern slavery.

N.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 28, 1860, p. 1, c. 7

New York Gossip for Ladies.

Fashion, for the nonce, is quiescent, apparently; yet grumblings not loud but deep agitate the heart—nay, the very souls of much abused woman. In fact, the approaching irrepressible, inevitable revolution in the mode of dress, has the effect of turning all womankind into miniature volcanoes. Can you imagine, messieurs, an animated inverted pyramid? Can you dissolve, like the baseless fabric of a vision, the memory of woman,

"Grace in every movement,  
Heaven in her eye,"—

as she was, and conjure woman as she is, the inverted pyramid? Can you discover grace in those limp, skimpy garments? Can you find heaven in those eyes hidden in the cavernous depths of those hideous bonnets? Do you wonder at the weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth? Do you wonder at the pouting of red lips, the corrugation of snowy brows, and the angry flush of rosy cheeks henceforth to be overshadowed by the coal scuttle bonnet? Gored shirts [sic], too, are coming in looming up from a horrible perspective. The dissolution of the Union is absolutely nothing to be compared to this raid upon our beloved hoops, our darling little bonnets. Have we not proved our adoration of the latter in suffering for their dear sakes neuralgia, tic-doloreaux, and rheumatism; frozen ears and noses; shouldered and hump-backed, exposed our profiles, good or bad? But my feelings overpower me; I can no longer proceed with this touching topic. Large bonnets, seriously speaking, are no fable, no fancied evil; their advent is sure and certain, and your correspondent has the profound mortification of confession and admitting the fact of *possessing one!* Accuse me if you will, *mes amis*, of inconsistency, and what not, I plead guilty.

Some few forlorn dowagers and demoiselles have been promenading *minus* crinoline, but the legion of sensible women persist in their usual appearance, excepting the circumference is somewhat less.

Dresses are set on to the belt, or *corsage*, in large box plaits; also very ugly, and causing the skirt to hang badly; but *modistes* insist upon it—so what can one do? Sleeves are set in the same style at the shoulder, the plaits banded across by velvet, or trimmed with buttons, which are oftimes [sic] of velvet set in a rosettee [sic] of narrow black lace, simply for ornament.

Flounces are most worn in uneven numbers, from five, nine, fifteen, to twenty-nine,



generally pinked.

I have been indulged in a long and loving peep at the new Parisian flowers, bringing sweet and spicy memories of sunny skies and warm south winds laden with those perfumed breaths of violets and "sweet musk roses and with eglantine," and banks

"Where the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips and the nodding cowslip grows."

Thus I mused over these exquisitely delicate creations, wondering at their marvelous naturalness. Flowers of mingled satin, straw, velvet, and both beautiful and new, and nearly all these rare bouquets are all knotted together by Leghorn straw, which depends in a long feathery plume from the green stems. An entire new style is composed of lace, white lace pansies *par example*, the large knees stiffened and the hearts gummed on in rose colored blue or yellow silk. These are rather larger than I think any botanist has ever described, and of colors any species unknown to the most devoted follower of Linnaeus, nevertheless, they are beautiful, and remind one of lovely large butterflies. Black and green grasses are to be mingled in these bouquets. The foliage is nearly all made of green stiff lace, sometimes covered with crystals,

Like round and orient pearls,  
"—Within the pretty flower's eyes,  
Like tears."

These are the prevailing styles of the fashionable flowers; the creamy tint of the straw roses when half composed of rich *groseille*, *Marguerite*, *rose de roi*, or blue velvet, is indescribably beautiful; then there are bunches of half blown roses of rose-tinted white, hidden in broad, dark green, waxen leaves—perhaps a crimson bud nesting in the heart.

The blandest smiles and most cunning diplomacy of your correspondent had to be forced into requisition before these newly arrived treasures were exhibited, in advance of the season.

"If she will, she will, you may depend on't."

Like Fatima, during her exploring expedition into her lord's private apartments, I shrank back appalled at the array of skeleton frames of embryo bonnets to decorate feminine heads during the coming spring and summer season—larger and more great-grandmotherly than those of the last date.—New York correspondent of the N. O. Delta.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 28, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

The Wonders of the Arctic Regions.—At Spengler's Hall, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday [sic] nights will be exhibited the Grand Historical Moving Painting of Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition. See advertisement in to-day's issue.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 28, 1860, p. 3, c. 5

Spengler's Hall!  
On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday Nights,  
And on Wednesday and Thursday, at 3 o'clock,  
P. M., for the accommodation of Families  
and Schools.  
The Grand Moving Painting on 30,000 feet of Canvass, illustrative of  
Dr. Kanes'  
Arctic Expedition  
in Search of

Sir John Franklin,  
Vividly portraying the sublime wonders of the  
Polar World,

With a full description by W. H. Paul, Esq., Honorary Member of the Kane Monumental Association.

Doors open each night at 7 o'clock. Commence at 7½. Admission 50 cents. Children and Servants, half-price.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], March 6, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Social Soiree, Songs and Chit-chat.

LeGrand B. Cushman.—This vocalist will be in Jackson on Thursday night next, when he will give one of his popular entertainments. Mr. C. is highly spoken of both by letter and in the journals of the day, and we bespeak for him a full house.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], March 6, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Emigration to Texas.—The "Houston Telegraph" of the 27<sup>th</sup> ultimo says the influx of settlers into Texas is still very large. Every boat from New Orleans is crowded, and it is estimated that not less than twelve to eighteen hundred persons arrive in the State every week by way of the Gulf. Within the week previous, fully five hundred slaves were brought in.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], March 9, 1860, p. 3, c. 3

Summary: Spengler's Hall—The Nelson Sisters will give a concert and musical entertainment on March 12, to conclude with a musical bagatelle "This Very Fast Age"

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], March 13, 1860, p. 1, c. 7

An introduction of the Spanish custom of silver anklets for those who choose to walk out in short petticoats, is thought of by the ladies of New York. It is not necessary to attract attention by any such guys, for the men will look as often as they can.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], March 13, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Summary: Part I of an article ("Matters and Things—No. 3) on book publishing North and South.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], March 16, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Returned Missionary.—Mrs. Lambuth, wife of Rev. William Lambuth, (son of the Reverend and venerable John R. Lambuth of Madison county) Missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has recently arrived from Shanghai, China, on a visit to her relations in Mississippi. Mrs. Lambuth has brought her two children to be educated in this country. She also brought two native (China) youths to be educated in the United States with a view to their future usefulness to their countrymen in the missionary cause. Mrs. L. will return to China in April.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], March 16, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

Banner Presentation—Resolutions of  
Jackson Fire Co. No. 1.

At a special meeting of Jackson Fire Company No. 1, held at their hall on Saturday, the 10<sup>th</sup> inst., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, This Company have received from Eagle Fire Company No. 7, of New Orleans, another manifestation of their esteem, in the beautiful, chaste and elegant Banner which now adorns our Hall; and as we desire to express our appreciation of the present, as well as the high regard which we individually and collectively entertain for the members of that Company, who let no opportunity pass of showing that hospitality and generosity which, to such an eminent degree, characterize the Crescent City Firemen. Therefore,

Resolved, That mere words are utterly inadequate to express our high appreciation of the beautiful present; in accepting which, we feel most sensibly that the ties of friendship and brotherly love already existing between us, as the result of former intercourse, are now more firmly and forever cemented; and that time, with all its varied changes, can never obliterate the pleasant remembrances of this occasion—this "green spot in memory's waste."

Resolved, That it shall be our constant aim to prove worthy of the fraternal regard of Eagle Fire Company No. 7, and as brothers in a noble and philanthropic cause, we are proud to greet them, and trust that Eagle 7, and Jackson 1, will ever be "*Pro Bono Publico*"—"Always Ready."

Resolved, That the Emblem of Eagle 7, as represented on the Banner, being also the Seal of our own State, is a happy coincidence, which renders the present peculiarly attractive, and taken in connection with its intrinsic value, the occasion on which it was presented, and the well-known gallantry and chivalry of the donors, we shall ever prize it as one of the brightest gems awarded us in our career as Firemen.

Resolved, That the "badge" of Eagle 7, be worn by the members of Jackson 1, at all our Company parades.

Resolved, That the Secretary immediately transmit a copy of these resolutions to Eagle Co. No. 7, and that our city papers be requested to publish the same.

R. A. Smith,   }  
C. H. Manship,}  
Thos. Green,   }  
N. F. Hawkins, } Committee.  
Joseph French,}  
J. L. Power,   }

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], March 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

The Bowen House, Brookhaven.—A correspondent of the N. O. Crescent, writes in a very depreciating terms of the excellent hotel which bears this name, and which is so well and favorably known to all travelers on the New Orleans and Jackson Road. Maj. Bowen, the proprietor, has a reputation acquired by twenty-five years experience, as one of the most obliging landlords in the South, whose cuisine is always supplied with everything that contributes to the comfort of his guests—the representations of the malicious, or probably interested, correspondent of the Crescent to the contrary notwithstanding.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], March 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Part 2 of an article ("Matters and Things—No. 4") on book publishing North and South.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], March 20, 1860, p. 3, c. 5

### Stamped Embroidery.

Ladies wishing Patterns of Embroidery neatly printed, would do well to call and see Mrs. Norritt, at the Jackson House, where she will remain for a few days. She has on hand a variety of stamped patterns, Bands and Sleeves, Pants, Skirt Bottoms, Skirts Stamped in front, Childrens T[illegible], Saques [sic] and Aprons, a great variety. Stamping done to order on all kinds of cloth.

Lessons given in the above Art.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 6, 1860, p. 1, c. 6-7

Summary: "Matters and Things—No. 5" on Northern vs. Southern born teachers, and educating children in the South

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 6, 1860, p. 3, c. 5

Summary: Theatre—"Ingomar, The Barbarian; or the Greek Maiden; fancy dance; "Yankee Duellist"

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 13, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Banner Presentation.—On the return of the Mississippi Rifles from their trial of skill on Tuesday evening, that time-honored relic of the battle of Buena Vista, the banner formerly the property of the Hinds county Fencibles, and subsequently adopted as the flag of the Mississippi Regiment in Mexico, was presented to this company by Capt. McManus through Capt. Estelle, in an eloquent and appropriate address. Ah, none but the donor can appreciate the emotions which must have swelled the heart of Capt. McManus on parting with this flag which had waved over the field of battle where so many of his gallant comrades fell!

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 17, 1860, p. 2, c. 7

### Can Manufactories Succeed in the South?

There is much truth contained in the following communication which we take from the Nashville Gazette. However humiliating the acknowledgment may be, the people of the South are generally sending North for Superintendants [sic], not only in cotton Manufacturing establishments, but in almost every other branch of Mechanics. This fault should be remedied, and the communication is well-timed and sensible. The correspondent says:

["] In the March number of Hunt's Merchant's Magazine there is an article which declares the startling fact, that of the four million bales of cotton raised last year, only one hundred thousand was manufactured into cloth in the South. Of this amount, North Carolina manufactured 29,000; South Carolina 20,000; Georgia 26,000; Tennessee, 13,000; and Alabama, 10,000 bales. There has, however, been a gradual increase of the amount. In 1855 there was

only 59,000 bales made into cloth, which amount has gradually increased, and in 1859, 100,000 were manufactured, which shows an increase of nearly double the amount in four years. The reports from most of the factories shows a healthful and prosperous condition, and gradual increase in the number of bales manufactured, proves conclusively that the business is paying.

This writer says that "the great bug bear in the South, is the cry that labor is too high, an assertion which is not true, as can be proven by the history of the factories which have been successively managed in Georgia. This kind of labor required in cotton factories, occupies persons to whom it is almost a charity to give employment, and the compensation is established by the employer. Women and children do most of the work, and a cotton factory well managed, operates as a blessing to the town, by giving the poor and helpless people employment.

It is true that all the factories do not pay good dividends in the South, neither do they all pay in the North; if badly managed, they do not pay North or South; and the fact that *some* do pay, is conclusive evidence that all might be made to pay. The objection is often urged in Nashville, that we *must* have northern men to manage our manufacturing establishments; that we have not the men here to conduct such establishments. Is this not a humiliating confession? Is Tennessee ready to make such a confession? Are we dependent upon the north for every thing? If we have no *brains* in the South, it would be well to import a cargo. Or to save our people the trouble of using the little they have, hire some men to do our thinking for us. Shame on such contemptible old fogies. No man can teach our children but a northern man and not satisfied with that, those of riper years are to be taught to manage their own business by men of the same sort—they must manage our factories. If such is the general feeling and sentiment of the south, then they ought to be made "the hewers of wood and the drawers of water," for the north. If the northern people are superior, they deserve to enjoy all that superiority. But it is not so. Hear what a Georgian says on this subject:

"When the Macon Factory was first established, it was under the control of a man brought from New England at a high salary, but he soon convinced his employer that he did not understand our people, and would not answer for the place. Mr. William S. Holt, a Georgian born and raised, was then appointed as his successor, a position he still occupies with much credit to himself, and satisfaction to the Company; and this is not the only case in Georgia. Mr. Banington King manages a factory at Raswell [sic] with marked success. The Augusta mills are, also, prosperous."

Then, according to this testimony, we may manufacture profitably in the south, and we are not dependent upon the North for a manager. The point is then settled as to our ability. We have the capital, we have the material, the hands begging for employment, and a market at our own doors. Shall we have manufactories in Nashville? There are many young men who would like to remain in Tennessee; who are too proud to work; the country is over-stocked with merchants as well as all the learned professions. What are they to do? Do the parents of such wish to see their sons a set of gentlemen leafers [sic] and drunkards? If not, let them have some useful employment. "Idleness is the great fomentor of evil." Here is a field of usefulness, in which they may be made a blessing to the community in which they live. Let some of the capital be employed in manufactories, and our beautiful city will grow to be a giant in size, and make glad the hearthstones of many a poor family.

W. R. H.["]

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 17, 1860, p. 3, c. 5

Summary: Spengler's Hall—"Madame Marietta Gazzanga, the great dramatic prima donna"

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 20, 1860, p. 3, c. 6  
Summary: Spengler's Hall—Campbell Minstrel's coming April 27 and 28

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 20, 1860, p. 3, c. 7

### Bailey Springs, Alabama.

The Waters of these Springs are recommended by more than two hundred of the most eminent Physicians of the surrounding country for the cure of Scrofula, Dropsy, Dyspesia [sic], Liver Complaint, Diseases peculiar to Females, Sore Eyes, Chronic Diarrhoea [sic], Syphilis, and all Cutaneous diseases.

The best preparations are made for the invalid, Dr. Crittenden, who is in all respects qualified to fill the station, will reside at the Springs. The pleasure seeker can here have the advantage of the best water known; with a determination on the part of the Proprietors to make them comfortable. The table will be furnished with the best the country affords; a good band of Music, Ten Pins, Billiards, Carriages, Horses, apparatus for Bathing, hot and cold, and a bar of the purest Liquors.—The Officers and Servants accommodating and attentive, conveyance to and from Florence twice a day.

Ellis & Co.

Bailey Springs Water neatly put up in 3 quart bottles kept always on hand at Wiggs, Bray & Co., Memphis, Tennessee.

Bailey Springs, Ala.—April 20 '60-w2m.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 27, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

An African Church Owning Its Minister.—The African Baptist Church in Augusta, Ga., owns its minister, the congregation having bought him from his former master. The members of the Church, who are mostly, if not all slaves themselves, contribute \$1,000 a year for the support of their "chattel" pastor and family.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 27, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

### Labor and Wages in New York.

The New York Tribune has an article upon this subject, from which we take the following recapitulation of the average earnings and professions during the whole year. In many cases workmen lose three and four months in the whole year, while the wintry weather, when they are employed, their receipts are reduced by reason of short hours;

	Average Wages per week.	No. of Hours per day.
Trades and professions.		
Bakers	\$6 00	17
Barbers	8 00	11
Book binders	9 00	10
Boot and Shoe makers	5 00	15
Boot and Shoe makers by the piece	7 50	16
Brewers and Distillers, 7 days per week	6 00	12

Bricklayers and Masons	10 00	10
Cabinet makers	7 00	10
Coopers	7 00	10
Cigar-makers	7 50	10
Drug Clerks	9 00	13
Dry-Goods (retail)	10 50	14
Domestic Servants	6 00	
Engineers	11 00	1 [sic?]
Fancy Goods Clerks (retail)	10 00	14
Folding Girls (books)	4 50	10
Grocers' Clerks (retail) including board	9 00	17
Gunsmiths	9 00	10
Hatters	10 00	10
Hooped skirt makers	5 50	9
Iron-moulders [sic]	10 00	10
Machinists	11 00	10
Millwrights	7 00	10
Painters	7 00	10
Piano forte makers	7 00	10
Porters in stores	7 00	10
Pressmen (morning papers)	12 00	8
Printers (daily papers)	16 00	10
Printers (book)	10 00	10
Printers (job)	11 00	10
Pressmen (hand and machine)	11 00	10
Police captains	23 00	at call
Police sergeants	17 46	11
Police Patrolmen	15 28½	11
Rope spinners	6 00	10
Rail Road conductors (city) 7 days per week	10 50	12
Railroad drivers (city) 7 days per week	8 75	12
Stage drivers	6 58	18
Shirt sewers	3 00	20
Stone-cutters	7 50	10
Teachers (in private schools)	18 00	8
Waiters (saloon,) including board	6 00	10
Waitresses (saloon,) including board	4 00	10
Watch-makers	11 00	10

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 27, 1860, p. 3, c. 5

Cooper's Wells,  
Hinds County, Mississippi.

The undersigned have become the purchasers of the above noted public resort,--and are now making a thorough overhauling and repairing of the buildings in order to make it the most

pleasant and agreeable watering place in the south. Owing to the extensive alterations being made, they will not open until the first day of June; until that time all persons who wish to visit the Wells for health, can do so, as they have reserved a portion of the Hotels, especially for invalids.

R. W. Benbury, & Co.  
Proprietors.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], May 4, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

The Fine Arts.—Our friend and fellow-citizen, Mr. N. F. Hawkins, says that there is yet some one who is not cognizant of the fact that he is, and has been for some time past, taking *Life Size* and other Oil Colored Photographs. We cheerfully mention the fact that we well remember nearly a year since to have seen at his Gallery some very fine specimens of this style of Portrait, and from time to time have feasted our eyes on his beautiful productions, and will add that in our judgment they very far surpass anything of the kind ever yet done in our city, and having, as he has, made an engagement with the finest Artist and most skillful Portrait Painter in our land, to color his Photographs, it is but reasonable to suppose that very gems of the Art may be expected. To our friends and readers, and all in want of perfect specimens of art and genius, we would say go to your fellow-townsmen, Mr. N. F. Hawkins. His Gallery is at the old stand, over Mr. Langley's store, where all are invited to call. See advertisement.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], May 4, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

A Murderer Escaped.—A man by the name of Slaton, sentenced to be hung for murder in Cass county, Texas, made his escape on Monday evening, 16<sup>th</sup>, by the following means viz: His wife and his brother visited him, and were admitted to audience with him, where they remained till the dusk of the evening, when the jailor informed the visitors that it was time to depart; it so happened that he locked up the wrong man, who has since been admitted to bail in the sum of \$3,000.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], May 4, 1860, p. 3, c. 4

#### Artesian Springs.

This celebrated watering place, situated in Madison county, Miss., six and a half miles from Picken's Station, on Mississippi Central Railroad, is now open for the reception of visitors, seeking either health from its

#### Valuable Medicinal Waters,

or pleasure from its numerous sources [sic]. After the 15<sup>th</sup> day of May,

#### Splendid Four Horse Coaches

will be in waiting on the arrival of New Orleans trains at Picken's Station to convey passengers to the Springs. Those visiting the Springs before that time, will find conveyances at the station by applying to Mr. Canterbury of that place. Fine Band of Music will be in attendance during the entire season. Many valuable improvements made for the comfort of visitors. No pains will



be spared to give satisfaction to my guests.

Wm. R. Lucket,  
Proprietor.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], May 15, 1860, p. 3, c. 4

To the Ladies—Wife Wanted.

A Bachelor, not too old, good looking, whose habits are temperate, disposition genial, education limited; owns a small estate near Nashville, wishes to better his fortune by a union with some fair Southern lady.

Reference will be given to the first merchants of the City. Address R. T. H., Box 410, Nashville, Tennessee.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], May 18, 1860, p. 3, c. 4

Opening Ball.

There will be given at the Artesian Springs, Madison County, Miss., A Grand Fancy Dress Ball, on Tuesday, June 5<sup>th</sup>, to which the Ladies of this and adjoining States, are respectfully invited; at which all the late Fashionable Dancing will be introduced.

W. R. Luckett,  
Proprietor.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], June 1, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Spring Mattresses.—We take pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement of Mr. Samuel Pool, in this morning's issue.—No one after having used one of these spring mattresses [sic] will question the superior advantages they possess over all other patterns hitherto brought into market. The public is invited to call and examine their stock.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], June 1, 1860, p. 3, c. 4

Patent Folding Spring Mattress.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the public that he is now manufacturing "Well's Patent Folding Mattress," which is superior in finish, durability and style, and far surpasses any other bed in comfort and ease to the person who is so fortunate as to possess one.

The prices of this Mattress are very moderate, being afforded for less money than they can be procured in the northern cities.

He also manufactures all kinds of Pillows, Mattresses, &c., &c., to order to suit his customers.

Please call and examine his stock, at the rooms over the store of Capt. Julienne, State street, Jackson, Mississippi.

Samuel Pool.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], June 4, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Negroes at Key West.—There are fifteen hundred negroes on the Island of Key West, recently captured from slavers by the vigilant officers of the Government.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], June 15, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

For the Mississippian.

### Cooper's Wells.

Cooper's Well, June 14, 1860.

During the first part of the present week we had the pleasure of visiting this justly celebrated watering place, which was recently opened under the auspices of the new proprietors, Messrs. Benbury & Co., late of New Orleans, La.

Upon first approaching the Wells we could but notice the many outdoor improvements which have been made since the new proprietors have taken possession. In fact the whole place had, like the birds, trees and flowers, put on a new and bright appearance. On entering the office we found everything arranged in the most elegant and systematic manner. We found Mr. Benbury behind the counter, perfectly at home, attending to the wishes of his visitors in the most prompt and gentlemanly manner and issuing his orders in a quiet, but positive tone, (quite in contrast with the usual pomposity of landlords) while everything worked in perfect clock-like regularity. The parlors had been refurnished in fashionable style, while in the extensive dining saloon everything presented an appearance of newness and neatness. The tables were arranged according to the most approved method, while the eatables to be found thereon were of the most unexceptionable character. We have visited Cooper's Well more or less for several years past, but the fare under the administration of Messrs. Benbury & Co., is decidedly superior to any of which we have ever partaken at that fashionable resort.—Then the servants are both numerous and attentive. The dining room is under the general supervision of Mr. Montgomery, and right well does he discharge his duties. The bedrooms, too, have all been elegantly furnished and are kept in good order. In a word, the whole place has been repaired and fitted up regardless of expense or trouble; and no efforts will be spared to make the Wells the most attractive Summer resort in the South. We certainly think the princely liberality and untiring energy of the proprietors should meet with encouragement at the hands of the people of this and adjacent States.

We attended the opening Ball given on Monday night last. The whole affair was gotten up in the most liberal and tasteful manner. The Ball-room was arranged in fine style; a splendid band discoursed sweetest music, while "brightest lamps shone on fair women and brave men." While the crowd was not as large as we expected, yet the number was sufficient to make it agreeable. The dancing was continued till supper was announced, when we sat down to the finest supper, we venture to say, that was ever gotten up at the Wells. We cannot do justice to it now, though we did on that occasion.

We have not attempted to describe the Ball or the ladies present, preferring to devote our space to letting your readers know how matters and things in general have been arranged this Summer at the Wells. We have not exaggerated in the least, but have spoken of everything just as we saw it, without embellishment. We shall attend the next Ball and give you something about geotic angels, twinkling feet, whispered tales of love, and so on to the end of the chapter.

P.

Women and their Legal Rights.

Lord Brougham is reported to have said that "before a woman can have any justice by the laws of England, there must be a total reconstruction of the whole system, for any attempt to amend it would prove useless."—Lord Braugham was right. The great charter—the glory of his country—which has done so much for the citizen in establishing the supremacy of law over prerogative, provides only for justice between man and man. For woman nothing is left but common law, accumulations and modifications of original Gothic and Roman heathenisms, which no amount of filtration through ecclesiastical courts could change into Christian laws. They have been declared unworthy of a Christian people by other great jurists—still they remained unchanged.

But that learned and humane man has done much towards ameliorating the anomalous condition of his countrywomen, through the "Association for the Promotion of Social Science," of which he was the first President. As its five departments include jurisprudence and amendment of the law, education, prevention of crime and punishment, and reformation of criminals, public health and social economy, it is easy to see that English women of all grades in society are likely to be indirectly benefitted by its proceedings. Indeed its history warrants the hope that in some future age the memory of man will run in a direction quite contrary to the common law.

The year 1860 is a memorable one for American women, despite the disgrace of the "Woman's Rights Convention." The New York legislature in March framed and passed a bill equalizing the "rights and liabilities of husband and wife" in respect to property inheritance of real estate and guardianship of children. Not only is the wife of a worthless husband protected by having "the earnings from the trade, business, labor or service her sole and separate property, which she may invest as if sole; but also by having the right to bargain, sell, assign and transfer her separate property, and (with the permission of the county court of Common Pleas in New York city) to do the same with her real estate. There are women—not a few—whose happiness as well as duty it is to support families of which the head has been stricken by sickness or misfortune and as the right to make contracts has hitherto been denied them, every step was clogged with needless difficulties. These cruel disabilities are now removed. And, in opposition to the common law, which still obtains in this State, the right of personal security as well as private property has been secured to married women. "Any married woman may (now not only) sue and be sued in all matters having relation to her sole and separate property, (but also) may bring and maintain an action in her own name for damages against any person or body corporate for any injury to her person or character, the same as if she were sole; and the money received upon the settlement of any such action, or recovered upon a judgment, shall be her sole and separate property. The civil law (which in some respects is no less oppressive than the common law) "authorizes the husband to require the society of his wife, and to exert such control over her person as may be necessary for the attainment of that object.—It gives him a right of action against any person who entices her from him, and with whom she takes refuge, and process against her to compel her return to his abode. In opposition to this she can urge no objection, except as may be good cause of separate maintenance, or of divorce.

There, as in Louisiana, under the civil law, "at the decease of the husband or wife intestate, leaving minor child or children, the survivor, whether husband or wife, continues in

possession of all the real estate of which the husband or wife died seized, and all the rents, issues and profits thereof, during the minority of the youngest child, and one-third thereof during his or her natural life." But in Louisiana the wife forfeits, by marrying again, the right (which the husband retains under the same circumstances) to the control of the minor children's property, for never until now has the spirit of that law been repudiated in legislation, which declares that "a widow who slights her deceased husband by marrying again, brings disgrace on herself here below, and shall be excluded from the seat of her lord."

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], June 22, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

### Return of the Jews to Palestine.

To the student of the Bible and church history there are few current subjects of more absorbing interest or of deeper significance than the events, now almost daily transpiring, which point to the repossession by the Jews of their own land. The tide of progress, after a lapse of centuries may be said to have fairly turned in that direction, and the prayer long offered by that chosen but now scattered people, that Judah may be saved, and Israel dwell securely, and that the Redeemer may come to Zion." the Philadelphia Press thinks is undoubtedly hastening to its fulfillment.

The Sultan of Turkey is encouraging Jewish emigration to Palestine, and is offering to sell them as much land as they choose to buy, and, it is said, has even expressed his willingness to dispose of the Mosque of Omar to them, which, it will be recollected, stands on the very site of the Jewish Temple of Mount Moriah. This mosque is one of the Mohammedan's most celebrated shrines, being scarcely inferior in national importance to those of Mecca and Medina. Politicians and statesmen look upon these indications as a legitimate consequence of the liberalizing influence of Mohammedan in intercourse with Christians, and so they may be; but, to the reader of the yet unfulfilled pages of Revelation, they also point to what, as it respects the Jewish nation, "Prophets and kings" have long waited for, "but died without the sight."—That the Mosque of Omar should be in a fair way of passing into the hands of the people to whose fathers the site on which it stands was once given as an everlasting covenant, is what no reader of secular history fifty years ago could even have dreamed would ever come to pass. Some of the hills around Jerusalem have already become Jewish property, and is by no means improbable that some of the present generation will see the entire city of Jerusalem again in the hands of its ancient owners. That might revolutions will follow in the wake of such an event is probably as certain as that the Jews will return at all; at all events, affairs in that immediate region of the East must ere long become an engrossing theme among the nations of the earth.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], June 26, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

The Factory.—Work Commenced.—On last Monday the work of preparing material for the factory actually commenced. The contract for burning brick was taken by Mr. Irby of Grenada, who commenced his preparations for the work on Monday. His contract specifies that he is to burn the amount of brick required at \$6.20 per thousand, and is to deliver 300,000 the first of August; 400,000 the first of September; 400,000 the first of October and 400,000 the first of November, making in all one and a half million.—Carrollton Democrat.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], July 3, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

The Meridian mentions a rumor that there is an organized band of Abolitionists in the corner of Clark and Wayne of this State, and Choctaw and Washington of Ala., who are defying the people and the authorities. Considerable excitement had been created in Quitman, and other contiguous localities, and the citizens thereof were preparing to adopt the means required to abate the nuisance.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], July 3, 1860, p. 3, c. 5

Celebration of the Fourth of Jul.  
At the City of Jackson, Miss.  
Programme.

The Military and Fire Companies will meet on the morning of the 4<sup>th</sup>, at 9 o'clock, at their respective places of meeting—and then rendezvous [sic] in front of the Capitol at 10 A.M.

Order of Procession:

- 1<sup>st</sup>. Jackson Brass Band.
- 2<sup>nd</sup>. Firemen and Hose Company.
- 3<sup>rd</sup>. Officers of State, and City authorities,
- 4<sup>th</sup>. Mississippi Rifles.
- 5<sup>th</sup>. Jackson Typographical Union.
- 6<sup>th</sup>. Calliopean Debating Society.
- 7<sup>th</sup>. Citizens and Strangers.
- 8<sup>th</sup>. Mississippi Capital Dragoons.

On arrival at the Fair Grounds, the Companies will form into a line for the purpose of receiving the Flags to be presented to the two Military Companies, by the Ladies of Jackson—Mississippi Capitol Dragoons on the right; the Mississippi Rifles on their left, and the Fire Company on the left of the Rifles.

- 1<sup>st</sup>. Music by the Band.
- 2d. Presentation of Flag to the Mississippi Capitol Dragoons, by a young lady of Jackson.
- 3d. Music by the Band.
- 4<sup>th</sup>. Presentation of flag to the Mississippi rifles, by a young lady of Jackson.
- 5<sup>th</sup>. Music by the Band.
- 6<sup>th</sup>. Reading of the Declaration of Independence.
- 7<sup>th</sup>. Music by the Band.
- 8<sup>th</sup>. Oration.
- 9<sup>th</sup>. Music and firing [sic] of cannon.
- 10<sup>th</sup>. Dinner.

After dinner, Evening Parade by the two Military companies, Bran Dance, &c.

The festivities of the day will close by a ball at the Bowman House, at night. Tickets may be had upon application to the manager, or from the clerk at the office of the Bowman House.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], July 6, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Communicated.

Editors of Mississippian.—It seems proper to call the attention of gentlemen who are in the habit of furiously driving their horses through the public streets of our city, to the fact, that there it [sic] great danger in so doing.—There is usually a general turn out of the numerous children of the place in the afternoon, and fast driving is more or less dangerous to them. There must be a city ordinance prohibiting this, and whether or not it is certainly only necessary to remind gentlemen of the impropriety of the act to abate the same.

Caution.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], July 6, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

#### The Fourth in Jackson.

The fourth was ushered in by as bright a day as could be desired, and at an early hour the booming of the cannon aroused the inhabitants from their slumbers to hail the 84<sup>th</sup> anniversary of our nation's independence.

In perfect contrast with the fine company of Cavalry which were to parade the streets at 9 o'clock, there appeared at 6 o'clock in the morning, a company of mounted men, purporting to be the National Body Guard of Gen. Lopez de Santa Anna dressed in national uniform of most fantastic characteristics.—The stock on which they paraded at the sound of a tin horn was in remarkable contrast with that afforded at McMurry's stable being composed of an alternation of mules and horses that evidently had been warned against the deleterious effects of too much corn during the warm season.

At the approach of the hour for forming the procession, this company which had amused the populace during the morning hours, mysteriously disappeared and was seen no more during the day. The riders were in Masquerade, thus rendering the identity of the actors in this caricature a matter of conjecture.

Agreeably with the programme the procession was formed at 10½ o'clock by the Marshal of the day, Capt. Burt, of the Cavalry, in the following order:

Jackson Cornet Band, Mississippi Rifles under the command of the gentlemanly and efficient officer, Maj. Griffith, Fire Company and Hose Company, Typographical Association, Calliopean Debating Society, Jackson Guards, Ladies with attendants mounted, bearing banners; the Cavalry bringing up the rear.

At 11 o'clock the procession proceeded to the Fair Grounds followed by a multitude of citizens admiring the splendors of the military uniforms and the curiosity of printing national songs for the crowd while the procession was moving. Arrived at the Fair Grounds the military entered the arena, and forming into line the ladies and attendants entered bearing the banners. Halting in front of the Cavalry Miss Willie Pettus presented in a very appropriate address on behalf of the ladies a beautiful national standard, which was eloquently received by Mr. Eugene Barnes, on behalf of the company. Advancing a short distance the ladies halted in front of the Rifles, who were also presented, in an elegant speech on behalf of the ladies, which a splendid banner by Miss Sallie Hay, which was received in a patriotic response, by 2d Lieutenant R. A. Smith.

These ceremonies having been performed the ladies and military retired, when the order of the day was continued by prayer by the Rev. John Hunter. It was then announced that the

Declaration of Independence would be read by C. A. Brougher, Esq., who, after a few patriotic remarks, proceeded to read to an attentive audience. Mr. Brougher having retired from the stand Capt Burt introduced to the assembly, J. C. Campbell, Esq., who delivered a most patriotic and eloquent oration; the multitude frequently interrupting him with enthusiastic applause.

Dinner was announced from the rostrum—the Floral Hall being assigned to the ladies and the lower floor to the gentlemen, where an abundance of provision were profusely spread. Dinner being over the companies were formed in line and entered the arena when all returned [to] their seats in order to witness the drill of the Cavalry and Rifles, which consisted in firing by companies and sections. Considerable excitement prevailed at this time, the horses being spirited, and but little accustomed to the discharge of rifles in front and dragoon pistols over head.

In the meantime the lovers of the dance had repaired to the grounds prepared for the occasion; but the military withdrawing unexpectedly from the Grounds, the masses took it as the closing of ceremonies and soon followed the music to the city, thus closing at an early hour the festivities of the day. At night the saloons of the Bowman house presented a happy scene. The beauty and chivalry of the country were there assembled in vast numbers, and the few hours allotted to the enjoyment of music and dancing passed off pleasantly.

The thanks of the Typographical Society are due to the kindness of Mr. Spencer for his very acceptable attention in conveying the printing press, and also to Mr. Chas. Dudley for the services of his elegant grays. The generous spirit displayed by these gentlemen on this occasion is highly commendable.

On the whole it was an occasion long to be remembered by all who shared its festivities.

K.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], July 10, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Mizell's Wells.—The premises of our esteemed townsman, Capt. Mizell, have become the favorite place of resort for our citizens who repair thither in throngs, morning and evening, to drink the excellent mineral and health-restoring waters with which they abound,—These waters have been analysed [sic] and found to possess unsurpassed medicinal virtues; and to this fact many who have reaped their benefits can bear joyful testimony. Capt. M. with unbounded liberality permits their use without money and without price; and to the use of the waters is added the pleasure of a walk in his well arranged and beautiful grounds.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], July 10, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Cooper's Wells.—We beg to direct special attention to this well known and popular *home* resort. The advertisement of its present proprietors, Messrs. R. W. Benbury & co., will be found in another column. It will be seen that the first grand dress ball of the season, will come off, on Tuesday the 17<sup>th</sup> inst. Messrs. B. & Co., have renovated the entire premises, and have spared no expense to make it among the pleasant resorts in the country. Attached to the establishment are bowling alleys, billiard tables, pistol gallery, livery stables, &c.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], July 10, 1860, p. 3, c. 6

Cooper's Wells,  
Hinds County, Mississippi.

is now open for the reception of visitors. The undersigned, having recently purchased this Celebrated Southern Watering Place, and refitted and refurnished the entire premises, trusts it is now second to no other in the country. The citizens of Mississippi and Louisiana may rely upon it, that no expense will be spared to make the "Wells" a "home institution" suitable for those in search of health or pleasure. The services of a well known physician can be obtained at all times, and connected with the establishment, pleasure seekers may find Bowling Alleys, Billiard Tables, and a Pistol Gallery—all under the charge of competent persons. An excellent Band of Music has been engaged for the season; also a livery stable is attached to the Establishment, where saddle horses and carriages may be obtained at all hours.

Board per month, \$50 00

Board per week, \$15 00

R. W. Benbury & Co.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], July 17, 1860, p. 3, c. 4

From our own Sea Shore.

(Extract of a private letter, placed at our disposal.)

Mississippi City, July 6, 1860.

My Dear Friend.—According to a promise made you when we parted, I will now give you a true picture of our summer retreat, hoping to be able to induce you to join us here.

It is a sweet spot with a fresh breeze blowing; a green lawn, sloping to the beach; a grove of forest pines on the shore, through which the moonbeams steal and sweetly shine, both on shore and sea. It is beautiful here, as Nature in her own haunts till bee. The waves, the night-winds, and the murmuring sea, blend into beauty and chime into melody. My own native mountain scenes are full of Nature's wildest charms; but the silent spell of the starlit sea has even a sweeter beauty. There is a charm in *everything*. You feel as if you were in a *world* of dreams, and you dream of the shell, the flower, and the billow. The melancholy murmur of the waves, recalls the past with all its sentiments, romance and love—its gallant hearts and joyous smiles.

But having traced the scene, let me speak of the characters which adorn it, or at least a *few* of them; for the loveliest scene nature ever painted would be dreary if no bright spirits enlivened it.

First, I will speak of our old friend, Mrs. M----, of Vicksburg, still, (as in the days of yore,) as elegant and stylish as a Queen. Time has but gently touched her with his wing, leaving her both boom and beauty; and she is all animation and refinement throwing a charm over every circle that she adorns, whilst her husband, by his engaging manner and agreeable conversation, assists in giving an interest to the scene. New Orleans and Jackson are also well represented—the one by youth and beauty, and the other by intelligence and refinement. There are a pair of brilliant dark Creole eyes here that might take captive any heart—and some brave gallant spirits that would give life and brightness to any circle.

The 4<sup>th</sup> passed off pleasantly—and surrounded by the beauty and chivalry of the South, no wonder that the youthful Orator of the day, Mr. T. Manlove, of Vicksburg, should have found an inspiration, and that his speech should have been full of eloquence and beauty; or that Mr. Foute of New Orleans should have read with unusual taste and expression the Declaration of Independence.

The evening was celebrated by a ball where smiles were bright and hearts gay—and a



magnificent supper wound up a charming entertainment.

In recommending to you this place it is almost useless to mention the generous obliging, gentlemanly landlord—Mr. Hilzheim, of the Bowman at Jackson—for he is too well known to need any recommendation from me—but yet it is a pleasure to speak of his merits. Everything is done for the comfort of his guests. He spares neither trouble or expense. His table is excellent—and you would scarcely be able to realize that it was the same house you visited some years since. Do come, and advise *all* who intend visiting the Gulf Shore this season to patronize Mr. Hilzheim. Let me hear from you soon.

Your friend,  
"Rosa."

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], August 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

### The Plot in Texas.

For diabolism of intent—revolting cruelty—and savage ferocity—this affair has no parallel in the annals of Abolition outrage. The details present a fertility of wicked invention and an exuberance of depravity sickening to all but the most hardened in vice, villainy, cruelty and corruption. The scheme extended in its ramifications throughout the Northern counties, some of them settled by numerous, thrifty, intelligent and prosperous communities. There is scarce anything in the dark and bloody calendar of crime, but it contemplates—*theft—murder by poison, murder by midnight assassination, murder by fire, murder of the old, murder of the young—rape—arson—all were to be enacted in the tragedy for which the actors were rehearsing their parts.* Fortunately the plot was revealed before the day of its consummation, and its authors will be held to a fearful accountability. Who thus stealthily laid this mine—who were the concoctors of this scheme of conflagration, terror and blood—the account below fully explains. They were the emissaries of Northern Abolition Societies, wolves in sheep's clothing, who, for the most part had come into unsuspecting communities under pretence [*sic*] of preaching the gospel, of teaching the young, &c., &c. They had come to put into practice the theories which the Swards and Sumners, the Lovejoys and Sherman's are preaching in the councils of the nation—animated by the same spirit which gives vitality to the Black Republican organization and which seeks to place Lincoln at the head of the Government.

Let Southern men of all parties, study these details, and learn from them profitable lessons concerning the designs of that party which has already obtained control of more than three-fourths of the Northern State governments and which is filling both branches of Congress with its devotees.

But read:

["] The outhouses, granaries, oats and grain of Mr. Crill Miller were destroyed a few days after the destruction of Dallas. This led to the arrest of some white men, whose innocence, however, was proved beyond a doubt. Several negroes belonging to Mr. Miller were taken up and examined, and developments of the most startling character elicited. A plot to destroy the country was revealed, and every circumstance, even to the minutiae, detailed. Nearly, or quite, a hundred negroes have been arrested, and upon a close examination, separate and apart from each other, they deposed to the existence of a plot or conspiracy to lay waste the country by fire and assassination—to impoverish the land by the destruction of the provisions, arms and ammunition, and then, when in a state of helplessness, a general revolt of the negroes was to

begin on the first Monday in August, the day of election for State officers. *This conspiracy is aided and abetted by Abolition emissaries from the North, and by those in our midst.*

The details of the plot and its modus operandi, are these: Each county in Northern Texas has a supervisor in the person of a white man, whose name is not given; each county is laid off into districts under the sub-agents of this villain, who control the action of the negroes in the districts, by whom the firing was to be done. Many of our most prominent citizens were singled out for assassination whenever they made their escape from their burning homes. Negroes never before suspected, are implicated, and the insurrectionary movement is widespread to an extent truly alarming. In some places the plan was conceived in every form shocking to the mind, and frightful in its results. Poisoning was to be added, the old females to be slaughtered along with the men, and the young and handsome women to be parceled out amongst these infamous scoundrels. They had even gone so far as to designate their choice, *and certain ladies had already been selected as the victims of those misguided monsters.*

Fortunately, the country has been saved from the accomplishment of these horrors; but then, a fearful duty remains for us. The negroes have been incited to these infernal proceedings *by Abolitionists, and the emissaries of certain preachers who were expelled from this county last year.* Their agents have been busy amongst us, and many of them have been in our midst. Some of them have been identified, but have fled from the country; others still remain, to receive a fearful accountability from an outraged and infuriated people. Nearly a hundred negroes have testified that *a large reinforcement of Abolitionists are expected on the first of August,* and these to be aided by recruits from the Indian tribes, while the Rangers are several hundred miles to the North of us. It was desired to destroy Dallas, in order that the arms and ammunition of the artillery company might share the same fate.

Our jail is filled with the villains, many of whom will be hung and that very soon. A man was found hung at our neighboring city of Fort Worth, two days ago, believed to be one of those scoundrels who are engaged in this work. We learn that he had stored away a number of rifles, and the day after he was hung a load of six-shooters passed on to him, but were intercepted. He was betrayed by one of the gang, and hence his plans were thwarted. Many others will share his fate.

I have never witnessed such times. We are most profoundly excited. We go armed day and night, and know not what we shall be called upon to do.["]

The Galveston News of the 28<sup>th</sup> furnishes further particulars as follows:

["] We learn from a gentleman, a resident of Ellis county, who left Waxahatchie on Monday last, and arrived this morning, some further details of the results of the discovery of the diabolical abolition plot, that was to sweep over Northern Texas with the incendiary's torch and murderer's weapon.

In Dallas and Ellis counties, committees, composed of the coolest, steadiest and most respectable citizens, were appointed, and were at work all last week investigating the whole affair. No one but those immediately interested knows who compose the committees, nor where or when they meet, or what they are doing. Their chief object is to ascertain what whites are at the bottom of the plot. No one else interferes in the investigation.

In Ellis, the County Court has organized patrols on an extensive and well managed system.

The negroes' confessions—made apart and at great distances—concur in the leading points; and all aver [sic] white men originated the plot and directed their movements.

They promised the negroes their liberty and their masters' goods, etc., and to lead them to

Kansas; *the negroes were told also that the next President would be a Northern man, who would free them all.*

The negroes concerned in Ellis county were principally of mature age and those allowed by their owners a good deal of liberty. The young ones were not allowed to participate in the plot, and many were not trusted with the secret at all. Their idea was to burn all the stores where arms and ammunition were kept; and on election day—the 6th August, when the citizens were away from their farms and houses; the negroes were to rise, seize on all arms, *and, headed by their white leaders*, to attack the houses here and there, murder defenseless women, burn and destroy, and finally, it is presumed, march off in a body towards Kansas.

Waxahatchie was to have been set fire to on the 8th—the same day Dallas and so many other places were fired; but an accidental fire in the town, that day, aroused the citizens, and the negro appointed to the deed became alarmed, and left. He was to have returned and repeated the attempt last Sunday, had not the plot been discovered.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], August 3, 1860, p. 3, c. 6

### The Ball of the Season!

There will be a Ball given at the Artesian Springs on Thursday, August 16<sup>th</sup>, to which the ladies are all invited. At which time there will be several Balloon Ascensions, and other amusements for the benefit of the guests.

William R. Luckett.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], August 7, 1860, p. 2, c. 7

The Abolition Plot in Texas.—The Houston Telegraph, of the 31<sup>st</sup> ult. mentions meetings of citizens at Anderson, Hempstead, Brenham, Paris, &c., and the appointment of Vigilance committees, in consequence of the developments of the Abolition plot. The Telegraph says:

["] It has been ascertained that the negroes of Grimes county have held secret meetings, and many of them are supplied with arms.

In Fayette county a band of runaways was thought to have been organized, to make a break for Mexico.

The Gilmer Tribune reports the arrest of three negroes in that town on the 10<sup>th</sup>. They had in their possession passes, papers, and various documents, way-bills to the Indian Nation, pistols, powder, caps and writing materials. They said they were from Henderson county.

The house of Dr. W. W. Stell, of Lamar county, was fired by a negro on the 16<sup>th</sup>, and completely burned.

A letter in the Waco Democrat, written from Waxahatchie, by Judge Buford, of Dallas, confirms the accounts of the troubles in Ellis and Dallas. It says: "Since you left this place the investigations of the vigilance Committee of Dallas has led to very important discoveries, implacating [sic] nearly all the negroes of Ellis and adjoining counties. To-day a committee was organized in this county, who have ascertained the existence of a most perfect and thorough organization, having for its object an indiscriminate massacre of the white population. Under the lash the negroes have admitted that they had in their possession deadly poisons, to be administered to their masters' families in food; and when demanded of them, they have gone to the kitchen and produced the poison."

In every part of the State the people seem to be on the alert, and we have no fear of any

further outbreak. The troubles in Ellis, Dallas, Denton and Tarrant [sic] counties will be settled by the citizens. The committees at work there are composed of the best men in the several counties, and seem determined to make a clean thing of the matter. They are receiving the support of the whole population.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], August 10, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

A Grand Fancy Dress Ball will be given at Cooper's Well on Monday evening, August 20<sup>th</sup>, by the enterprising proprietors of that watering place. Masks, dominoes, and fancy dresses can be obtained at the Wells, from Madame Groux.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], August 14, 1860, p. 3, c. 3

#### Cooper's Well.

A friend who has been sojourning at the Well for a few days, writes us over date of July 28<sup>th</sup>:

"What has become of the people? Have they gone North after so much talk and hard feeling? How much better to patronize our own watering place! I'll venture to say there is no place North where they can have as much comfort as at Cooper's Well. Everything is in perfect order; the table cannot be excelled; amusements of every kind, and a delightful band of music, and nightly dancing. It has been very warm for some time past, but is becoming pleasant, the nights are cool enough, no mosquitoes to annoy, and the company on the increase."

We learn personally from another friend, just returned from the Well, that neither in New Orleans, nor at any watering place on the Gulf Shore, is there such a table spread as at the Well, nor so many attentions shown by the proprietors and manager, to make guests feel at home and comfortable. There is certainly no place South, where to the medicinal advantages of most excellent water are united so many pleasures and delights of a gay and fashionable watering place.—Natchez Courier.

These reports are confirmed by the accounts which we have received from this excellent home watering place. By the way, it must not be forgotten that a grand masque Ball will come off on the 20<sup>th</sup> inst.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], August 17, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

#### Later From Texas.

The Excitement in Texas.—By our Texas exchanges we receive further particulars in regard to the excitement growing out of the suspected abolition conspiracy.

The Nacogdoches Chronicle, of the 7<sup>th</sup> inst., has the following items on this subject:

Ellis County.—A young man who had employed in a store at Waxahatchie, was hung a few days since for giving strychnine to slaves to put in wells.

Smith County.—The man who was shot in the attempt to set fire to Tyler, has been found dead.

Cherokee Nation.—The Paris Press speaks of a rumor that a bloody fight had taken place in the Nation, between abolitionists and pro-slavery men, in which 159 of the former were killed, and 7 of the latter. The story is most probably a fabrication.

Wood County.—On the 29<sup>th</sup> ult., an armed committee escorted the notorious J. E. Lemon out of Wood county. Just before which, he signed a document binding himself under penalty of his life not to return to Wood county, nor publish nor circulate abolition documents in the State.

Cherokee County.—The citizens of Cherokee have organized for their protection.

More Incendiarism.—Another attempt has been made to fire buildings near Tyler, also in Brenham, and at Georgetown.

Another Great Fire.—The Houston Telegraph, of the 11<sup>th</sup>, says:

We learn from a gentleman who passed through Henderson, in Rusk county, on last Monday morning, that the town of Henderson was set on fire last Sunday night, the 5<sup>th</sup> inst., and was almost entirely consumed.—Every house on the square, except one, including all the business houses in the place, was destroyed.

The people of Henderson, our informant says, put no faith in the reported conspiracy, and neglected to appoint a patrol or keep watch. The fire was discovered on Sunday night about 9 o'clock. No clue had been discovered to the perpetrators of the deed.

Preacher Hung at Veal's Station.—The Fort Worth Chief, of the 1<sup>st</sup> inst., has the following brief notice of the execution of an Abolitionist conspirator:

We learn that a preacher by the name of Buley was hung at Veal's Station last week, for being an active abolitionists [sic]. A majority of three hundred men condemned him.

A Discovery in Brenham.—The Brenham Ranger, of the 10<sup>th</sup> inst., says:

A few days since, several negroes were arrested on Mill Creek, in this county, who acknowledged to their having poison given them by white men, for the purpose of poisoning their owners and families, and that the day of election was the time fixed for general insurrection. They also implicated some negroes about town as being concerned in the murderous plot.

Trouble in Tennessee Colony.—The Fairfield Pioneer, of the 9<sup>th</sup> inst., has the following:

Mr. Teague, a printer in our office, has just arrived from Tennessee Colony, Anderson county, and brings the news that he witnessed the hanging of two white men in that place on Sunday, the 5<sup>th</sup> inst., who were proven to be guilty of inciting insurrection among the slaves of that neighborhood. Their names were Antoney Wyrick and his cousin, Alford Cable. They were engaged near the Colony at their trades of wagon making and blacksmithing, where they have been living for three or four years. Wyrick had been previously taken up for harboring and selling liquor to negroes. Negroes were found in the possession of firearms and strychnine, furnished by these men.

Another Emissary.—The Houston Telegraph, of the 11<sup>th</sup> inst., says:

On Monday last, a white man rode up to Mr. Dick Breeding's, near Round Top, at noon, and finding nobody but a negro girl at home, questioned her about runaway horses, &c., and finally asked her how she and the negroes were satisfied. He then went off, and fifteen minutes after returned with three negroes, demanding something to eat. The woman gave them food. After eating, they broke open a trunk, in search of money. They then put a shovel full of fire in the bed, and left. After they were gone, the negro woman extinguished the fire, and then ran to the overseer's house, to tell him what had happened. The affair caused a good deal of excitement.

Evidence seems to be accumulating, to show some concert among a set of desperadoes, in deeds of outrageous villiany [sic].

The Choctaws.—We learn from the Fort Worth Chief:

That the Choctaws are about to call upon the General Government for assistance to

procure provisions for the people of the Nation, as their crops have almost entirely been destroyed by the drouth [sic]. We learn from good authority that there will not be corn enough raised in the whole Nation to last them until Christmas, and as the appropriation of the money due the Nation failed in Congress last session, they are going to appeal to the Government for assistance in some shape, to keep them from starving.

Drouth [sic].—In many quarters of Texas the long continued drouth [sic] has at last been broken, though it is believed too late for much benefit to the crops.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], August 21, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

### The Texas Excitement.

Dr. Pryor writes to the State Gazette, under date of Dallas, July 23 and 24, the following additional particulars of the progress of the Vigilance Committee in their work of ferreting out the guilty parties in the late outrages in that county:

["] The Vigilance Committee have been in session all day, and this evening they announced that three of the ring leaders of the insurrection are to be hanged tomorrow. These hardened scoundrels were amongst the number. The decision seems to give general satisfaction. The crowd dispersed after this announcement, and a strong guard was detailed to watch the jail in which are confined six or eight of the criminals. The police are active and unremitting in their efforts, and it would be impossible for the whole abolition fraternity to surprise us now, although we might be easily overpowered. They would have to fight for it, however.

Tuesday, July 24. This evening at 4 o'clock the three ringleaders, Sam, Cato, and Patrick, were escorted from the jail under a strong guard to the place of execution. An immense concourse of citizens and negroes assembled to witness their exit from the scene of their wickedness. As they passed through the town they surveyed with composure the ruins of the once flourishing town, that now lays in a blackened mass before them. Patrick Jennings (so called) remained calm and collected during the whole day, and betrayed no remorse or feeling whatever in view of his approaching doom. He it was who fired the town, and that night after its destruction glorified himself for the deed, and pronounced it only a commencement of the good work. These facts were obtained from many witnesses, who testified to the same facts without any hesitations or contradiction of each others' statements.—Sam Smith, so called from the name of his master, was an old negro preacher who had imbibed most of his villainous principles from two abolition preachers, Blunt and McKinney, who lived in the country a year before, and had had much intercourse with said negro; this old negro was a deep dyed villain. Cato had always enjoyed a bad reputation. They met their fate with a composure worthy of a better cause. Patrick Jennings with unparalleled *nonchalance* died with a chew of tobacco in his mouth, and refused to make any statement whatever.

They were hung on the bank of the river above town, and are buried beneath the gallows.

Investigations are still going on throughout the country, all of which tend to confirm the facts elicited at this place. The evidence obtained before the committee will be published in due time. More anon.

The Quitman incendiary, who was fired upon and escaped, leaving his shavings and matches in front of Sparks' law office, had not been discovered. The Herald extra says:

Since our paper yesterday, [giving an account of the attempted incendiarism,] made its appearance, we learn that Mr. Ed. Pollit, residing some fifteen or eighteen miles south of this

place, saw a stranger, on Thursday last of suspicious appearance. He came to Mr. Pollit through the woods, and inquired if he could get through to Quitman, and came on in this direction. On the day after the attempt to fire the town, about noon, a man, answering fully the description, came through the woods to Mr. Gilbreath's, about fourteen miles southeast of this place. He said he was lost. What a stranger can mean to be straggling through the woods is a question which very naturally excites suspicion. Some of the citizens are inclined to the opinion, from a combination of circumstances, that this is the identical man shot at on last Friday night.

We will give these circumstances as we hear them, thinking, perhaps, they may lead to some light upon the subject.

The Herald says:

Our streets are now nightly guarded with eight men, who will require a strict account from all who may be seen lurking in suspicious places, white or black; and slaves will not be permitted to straggle through the town at a late hour, even with the written permission of masters, unless on urgent business, and then not without the company of a guard.

We believe (says the Houston Telegraph), every city and town in the State, or nearly every one, is now guarded by a vigilant volunteer night police. There are no evidences amounting to anything of there having been any plot in the Southern half of the State.—Still, these vigilant guards have done much good in arresting vagabond white men, and runaway negroes.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], August 28, 1860, p. 3, c. 7

Fifty Negroes for Sale.  
Slave Depot, Crystal Springs.

We have established a Depot at Crystal Springs, Mississippi, for the sale of Negroes, and as our facilities for buying cheap and desirable Negroes are unsurpassed, we can say to purchasers, that we will make it to their interest to call on us before purchasing elsewhere, and purchasers who are visiting New Orleans, would find it convenient and to their interest to examine our stock.

Relying entirely on making large and quick sales to sustain us in offering such liberal inducements, and any Negro sold by us, that does not come up to our representation, as per bill of sale, will be taken in exchange with as little trouble as possible to the purchaser.

Being permanently located here, we can be found at all times to make our guarantee good. We have just received a large lot of young and likely Negroes and will continue to receive, as may be required, No. 1 Men, Boys, Women, Girls and Families; also, extra Cooks, Washers and Ironers, Blacksmiths, &c.

M. N. Robertson & Co.

Crystal Springs, Miss.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], August 31, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Later From Texas.

New events almost daily occur in some parts of Texas to keep alive the excitement that exists. We glean again the most important from our exchanges.

The Jefferson (Cass county) Herald has the following paragraph:

["] A guard of twenty-four men is nightly stationed around the lace, and not an individual passes through the streets after dark without being hailed and made to give an account of himself. Several suspicious individuals have recently been arrested, and some are now in custody.["]

A man named Pearce has been arrested at Clarksville charged with burning Henderson:

["]The proof against him is almost positive.—He hired a negro woman at the hotel to do the work. His brother, also implicated, has fled.["]

The Jefferson Herald says:

["] The citizens of Lamar and Fannin counties have ordered a certain James R. Brown to leave the State in less than 24 hours. The evidence against him was sufficient to justify more severity.

They are now driving from all the upper counties every individual upon whom rests the least suspicion of abolitionism. It will, no doubt, fall pretty hard on some parties, but the peace and safety of the country demand it.

We learn that the flourishing little town of Mount Vernon, Titus county, was burned down a few days since. It was the work of incendiaries, one of whom, we are informed, has been caught and hung.["]

A letter from Sulphur Springs, dated the 10<sup>th</sup> inst., says:

["] Last Saturday a plan to burn this place was discovered. A negro preacher belonging to Mr. Goodson, acknowledged that he and others had set apart last Tuesday night as the time to burn all the stores and dwellings, commit all other depredations they could, and then take horses, in case they could not whip out the white men, and fly for the Indian nation. One Taylor, who has been loafing about here for the past sixteen months, was partially implicated as a confederate. He has made the negro his only companion and associate during the whole time he has been here. But as several negroes were implicated and the prospects good Taylor and two negro men to hang, a "self-constituted" committee of six (the owners of said slaves) held a second investigation and the negroes being permitted to talk together the result was contradiction and confusion, and the whole posse were let off! But this has not satisfied the citizens, and yesterday we organized a regular vigilance committee, to exist as long as any fears of burning are entertained. Mr. Taylor will get his traveling card to-day, or be hung; and if the negroes suspected are not taken from our midst, they will be dealt with according to justice.["]

The 13<sup>th</sup> inst., an attempt to burn Indianola is said to have been discovered in time to prevent serious loss.

A suspicious looking young man, a loafing stranger, named Edward King, who was seen about the premises a few moments before, was arrested and given to understand that a change of locality might be better for his health. He went to New Orleans on the first steamer. The citizens of Indianola have since formed a vigilance committee.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 7, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

["]The struggle in Texas is between slavery and freedom—slavery that killeth, and freedom that maketh alive.—New York Tribune.["]

The struggle in Texas is that of the most demoniac passions against law, civilization and humanity. Houses are burned, men murdered, children massacred, women outraged and then consigned to death—and all in the mere wantonness of cruelty and crime.—As well say that the



outrages of the Druses are the struggles of pure religion, as ascribe the horrors of the Texas border to the love of liberty!

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 14, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

More of the Abolition work in Texas.

Late advices from Texas show that the incendiaries are still at their fiendish work of murder and revolution. The Austin State Gazette publishes a copy of a letter signed W. H. Bailey, who appears to be one of the leaders of the abolition gang in Northern Texas. If real, it affords a clue to the late outrages there, and will enable the citizens to thwart and punish the conspirators:

Denton Creek, July 3, 1860.

Dear Sir:--A painful abscess on my right thumb is my apology for not writing at Anderson. Our glorious cause is progressing finely, as far South as Brenham. I there parted with Bro. Wempler; he went still further south; he will do good wherever he goes. I traveled up through the frontier counties, part of the time under a fictitious name. I found many who had been initiated, and understand the Mystic Red. I met with a good number of our friends near Georgetown; we held a consultation, and were unanimously of opinion that we should be cautious of our new associates; most of them are desperate characters, and may betray us, as there are slave holders among them, and value poor negro much higher than a horse. The only good they will do us will be destroying towns, mills, etc. which is our only hope in Texas at present. If we can break Southern merchants and millers, and have their places filled by honest Republicans, Texas will be an easy prey, if we only do our duty. All wanted for the time being, is control of trade. Trade, assisted by preaching and teaching, will soon control public opinion. Public opinion is mighty, and will prevail. Lincoln will certainly be elected; we will then have the Indian Nation, cost what it will. Squatter sovereignty will prevail there as it has in Kansas; that accomplished, have at least one more step to take—but one more struggle to make—that is, free Texas. We will then have a connected link from the Lakes to the Gulf. Slavery will then be surrounded by land and by water, and soon sting itself to death. I repeat, Texas we must have, and our only chance is to break up the present inhabitants, in whatever way we can, and it must be done. Some of us will most assuredly suffer in accomplishing our object, but our Heavenly Father will reward us for assisting Him in blotting out the greatest curse on earth. It would be impossible for us to do an act that is as blasphemous in the sight of God as holding slaves. We must have frequent consultations with our colored friends. (Let your meetings be in the night.) Impress upon their clouded intellects the blessings of freedom, induce all to leave you can; our arrangements for their accommodation to go North are better than they have been, but not so good as I would like. We need more agents, both local and traveling. I will send out traveling agents when I get home. You must appoint a local agent in every neighborhood in your district. I will recommend a few I think will do to rely upon, viz: Bro's Leake, Wood, Ives, Evans, Mr. Daniel Viery, Cole, Nugent, Shaw, White, Gilford, Ashley, Drake, Meeks, Shultz, and Newman. Brother Leake, the bearer of this, will take a circuitous route, and see as many of our colored friends as he can; he also recommends a different material to be used about town, etc. Our friends sent a very inferior article: they emit too much smoke, and do not contain enough camphene. They are calculated to get some of our friends hurt. I will send a supply when I get home. I will have to reprove you and your co-workers for your negligence in sending funds for

our agents; but few have been compensated for their trouble. Our faithful correspondent and industrious agent, Bro. Webber, has received but a trifle, not so much as apprentice's wages, neither have Bro. Willet, Mangun and others. You must call upon our colored friends for more money; they must not expect us to do all; they certainly will give every cent, if they knew how soon their shackles will be broken. My hand is very painful, and I close.

Yours truly,  
W. H. Bailey.

N. B.—Brother Leake will give you what few numbers of "Impending Crisis" I have; also Bro. Sumner's speech, and Bro. Beecher's letter, etc. Farewell.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 21, 1860, p. 2, c. 7

Texas Correspondence.

Austin, September 3, 1860.

Editor Mississippian: Our State has achieved a great victory over the Opposition, and the Democracy are wide awake and hard at work for a more important and more glorious triumph in November next. Our ticket, as far as heard from, is seventeen thousand ahead.

The Opposition are busy in getting up a fusion ticket, with Bell and Douglas. A petition to that end is circulating to-day. Numbers who have heretofore voted with them, refuse to sign it. They can home for nothing in Texas. We will beat them at the very lowest twenty thousand votes. All their work and zeal will only mount to a bid for office under Bell or Douglas, should either of them by any possibility be elected.

We have every confidence in the success of Breckinridge and Lane. Our electors are canvassing the State. Besides, in the Western District, Oldham, Potter, Scurry, Neal, and a host of others, are doing good work on the stump. We will dry them up worse in November than our corn and cotton was dried up in June and July by the drouth [sic]. The South will never rebuke Tennessee for rebuking a man with such a record as John Bell. Move on the ball.

Very truly,

Texas.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 21, 1860, p. 2, c. 7

A Clergyman of the Methodist persuasion writes the following, among other things, to the Journal of Commerce, from Vicksburg:

Our papers are teeming with accounts of the havoc of another John Brown raid on the border counties of Texas. Abolitionists have been there in the character of Methodist Preachers, Teachers, &c., and instigated a general insurrection among several hundred negroes. They had planned matters for a most bloody and fatal catastrophe. Firearms of all sorts; arsenic, to be put in wells for poisoning the people, and means for setting fire to the whole town at once, were detected, but not until five towns had been burned, and great mischief done. One woman has been hung for distributing arsenic, to be put in cisterns and wells. And one or two preachers have been hung for aiding and inciting to revolt. If things go on at this rate, a man suspected of anti-slavery proclivities will be hung or shot like a dog; a fate they court, it would seem. Dissolution of the Union is inevitable, with abolitionism in the ascendant, at Washington. Here we are trying to lead the negroes to Christ and Heaven, while those incendiaries lead them to the gallows.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 25, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Abolition Outrages in Texas.—Extract from a private letter, Houston, Texas, to a friend in Hartford, Ct.:

Tell your abolition friends to go on, and soon they will have the pleasure of seeing the negro reduced to such a state of hopeless bondage that they may well pity them. I solemnly declare that to-day the negro is not as free as he was two or five years ago; and why?—Simply because his master has been goaded on to desperation by incendiary *acts* and *speeches*. One year ago all was peace and quietness here. The negro was allowed to go out to have dances and frolics; to-day one dare not show his head after 9 o'clock in the evening. Seven companies of patrol are organized and guard the city each night. Sixteen horse patrol scour the county around.—Forty-eight vigilance men say live, banish or die, as the proof may go to show. And so it is all over the country. Men are hung every day by the decision of planters, lawyers, judges and ministers. It is no hot, impetuous act, but cool, stern justice. It is the saving of wife and daughter, mother and sister from the hand of desecration. It is the stopping of scenes that would make the Druses and Turks blush for shame. \* \* \* We had one more fire."

Yours truly. \*\*\*

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 25, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Summary: Sen. Wigfall of Texas delivers speech in support of Breckinridge and Lane

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 12, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

The Campbells.—The Campbells have favored us the past two evenings with something rich and racy. The Company is the best we have ever had in our city; much better even than the last party that visited us. They will perform again to-night with an entire change of Programme throughout. On Saturday they open the season at the St. Charles, New Orleans. Give them a bumper at parting.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 19, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

#### A Female Emissary.

An examination was held at Charleston, S. C., on Friday morning, by Mayor Macbeth, of one Mrs. Catherine Bottsford, a female of rather prepossessing appearance, charged by several respectable citizens with uttering and disseminating among the slave population seditious sentiments. During the investigation she admitted entertaining the Abolition sentiments attributed to her and of being an admirer of John Brown. She denied, however, any attempt to circulate her opinions. The evidence and affidavits submitted showed to the contrary, and she was required to give bail in the sum of \$300 for her good behavior. Failing in this she was turned over to Magistrate Kampaux who committed her to jail.

We learn from the Courier that the accused states that she has resided in the city about nine months, during which time she has followed the occupation of a seamstress. She also states that she hoped to obtain the situation of a teacher. Officer Schoubee, who arrested her, had been watching her movements for some time past. The case will probably undergo investigation at the January term of the Court of General Sessions.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 9, 1860, p. 3, c. 5

Fruit and Ornamental Trees.  
Evergreens, Roses, Green House Plants.

As the season is advancing for the transplanting of trees, &c., we beg to call the attention of the public and those interested in beautifying their grounds to our extensive stock of Fruit Trees of every description, comprising in part—

Pears,	Nectarines,
Apples,	Figs,
Peaches,	Cherries,
Plums,	Quinces,
Apricots,	Grape Vines,
Almonds,	Strawberries,
Chestnuts,	Currants,
Filberts,	Raspberries,

Gooseberries, &c.

A fine collection of new and rare Evergreens; among them will be found the following:

Pyramidal Cypress,	Norway Spruce,
Weeping Cypress,	Balsam Fir,
Cedrus Deodora,	Scotch Pine,
Magnolia Grandiflora	Japan Cedar,
Irish Juniper,	Long leaf Pine,
Swedish Juniper,	Cupressus Encavidesse,
Carpet or Creeping do,	do      Torulossa,

And a great variety of Arborvitaes, Euonemus, Mahoncas, Yews, Hollies, Moagnolias, Box's, Olives, Laurels, Vibernums, Jassamines, Firs, Spruces, Pittisporum, Privits, Thorns, &c., &c., together with a splendid collection of Deciduous, Trees and Shrubs, Splendid Roses, Bulbous and tuberous rooted Plants, Superb Dahlias and Pæonies.

A fine collection of Green House Plants—

Camelias,	Lantamas, [sic?]
Pelagonemus,	Begoneas,
Salvias,	Plumbago,
Abutilons,	Geraniums,
Oleanders,	Heliotropes,
Azaleas,	Hibiscus,
Fuschias,	Justiceas,

Russelias, &c.

And many rare or new Green House Plants. Also a collection of the choicest Verbenas,

Phloxes,

Chrysanthemums.

A general collection of Hardy Herbaceous Plants, Weeping Trees, Vines and Creepers, with everything desirable for Orchard, Garden, Pleasure Ground or Green House.

For full, descriptive, and wholesale Catalogues, apply to

Hatch & Co.,  
Central Nurseries, Jackson, Miss.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 13, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

The Central District Fair Ball.—One of the most interesting features of our Fair, which passed off last week quite successfully, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, was the brilliant Ball given on Thursday night at the Bowman House, by H. Hilzheim, Proprietor. The arrangements were upon the most extensive and elegant scale, all of which were carried out in a most successful manner. The large dining room of the Bowman House was brilliantly lighted, and the sweetest and most artistic of music was provided so as to please the devotees of the Terpsichorean art. The room was filled with fair women and brave men, from all parts of this and adjacent States. The "Hilled city" sent the fairest of her daughters, Madison was represented by the most angelic of geotic creatures, while the delegation from Rankin vied in beauty with them all. Old Hinds was well represented in numbers, beauty, elegance and grace. But we cannot speak of all the "ladies fair" who had gathered there to "trip lightly through the mazes of the dance." The men were all gallant, and swore "by all the gods of Hellespont and Greece" true and brave knights to be.—All seemed to enjoy themselves, pleasure sparkled in every bright eye, smiles played around each rosy lip, for the Goddess of joy was there enthroned.

The supper was all that could be required by the most critical epicurean. There was a bountiful supply of the substantials of life and the delicacies of the season, while the cakes and jellies, the fruits and wines were rich and rare. In fact, the Ball in all its arrangements showed the master skill of a master hand.—We, in common with all who attended, are indebted to Mr. Hilzheim, the gentlemanly and accomplished proprietor of the Bowman House, for the enjoyment of that brilliant occasion.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 16, 1860, p. 2, c. 7

The Flag of Alabama.—We are glad to know that the "maids and matrons" of Montgomery, enthused with the spirit that actuated the women of '76, are making a splendid flag to be presented to the Southern Rights Men of this city. It is the Flag of Alabama.

As it has been described to us, the banner is to have a blue ground, and on its face the representation of a cotton plant. The lower portion of the stalk bears open bolls, the middle half open, and the upper green bolls. Interspersed among the branches of the plants are the cotton blooms white and red as in nature. At the root of the stalk lies, a representation of a rattlesnake with head erect, and fifteen rattles. The motto is, *Noli me tangere*. On the reverse of the banner is the map of the State, with the word Alabama across it.

All hail to the flag of Alabama.—Montgomery Mail.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

We call special attention to the Card of our friend A. Miazza in this Morning's issue.

A correspondent of the Natchez Free Trader speaks of his newly completed magnificent establishment as follows:

Pre-eminent, still amongst the "*institutions*" of Jackson—nearly in front of the State House—and close by his old stand—Angelo Miazza has, within the past three months, erected at an expense of upwards of 10,000 dollars a magnificent establishment. It is built of brick, chastely but elegantly decorated. On the basement story below, is a bar room well supplied with excellent liquors—in the rear a resturat [sic], far and away the best we know of (and we speak by the book;) there during the season, (*aye*, at the present writing) you can *see* the oysters in the shell—and *hear* the oysters frying—and *eat* the oysters (as we do) stewed—*Venison* rules the roast.—Every luxury can be had—Trout from Michigan—Prairie chickens from the great North

West—Red fish from New Orleans—and sheephead from the same. The facilities of railroad travel have brought all those things if not to your door, or mine, at least, to the *door* of the building on State street—and better still *inside* the *door*. Miazza, or Angelo, (for by the latter name he is exclusively known to the "habitués" of Jackson for years past) deserves much credit, (and more cash;) he is a native of Sardinia—(the natal place of Italian liberty in our day) has been living here for eighteen years—has bought property and is in every respect identified with Mississippi, her interest and prosperity. And whilst *I know*, that in some instances, he and his family have not been unmindful of the injunction to 'clothe the naked'—and 'visit the afflicted.' You will not fail to bear witness that he *never fails* to "feed the hungry" and that to repletion. If any visitors from your counties below doubt my taste or are not satisfied with my judgment—please direct them to call on Angelo and satisfy themselves.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 7

The Blue Cockade.—This emblem of State Rights, or the Southern Roll of Honor, has made its appearance upon our streets. In a few days we expect to see them as plentiful "as leaves in valambrosa"—Oxford Mercury.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 23, 1860, p. 3, c. 4

The Charleston Mercury has the following:

Sturdy Patriots.—A number of charcoal dealers, from the interior of this district, were yesterday here on business, wearing—not the blue silk cockade—but plain strips of brown paper, bearing such mottoes as "Resistance," "Remember Harper's Ferry," etc. We could not but admire the stern simplicity of this unpretending badge of devotion to South Carolina:--

The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,  
Is king of men for a' that.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 23, 1860, p. 3, c. 4

The blue cockade—"the South must be protected in her rights"—have made their appearance in large numbers on our streets. Nearly every man in town has one, and doubtless if it becomes necessary to protect our rights at the price of blood, the citizens of Magnolia will not be found wanting in the strife. Three cheers for the blue cockade.—Magnolian.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 23, 1860, p. 3, c. 6

Heller  
In Second Sight  
and  
Wonderful Magic,  
On Friday Night,  
and  
Saturday Afternoon and Night,  
November 23d and 24<sup>th</sup>.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 27, 1860, p. 3, c. 5

Robert Heller  
The Great  
Seer,  
Will Appear at  
Spengler's Hall,  
on  
Wednesday and Thursday  
Evenings,  
November 28<sup>th</sup> & 29<sup>th</sup>, 1860.

In addition to the mystery of Second Sight, and other interesting Wonders, the sensational feat, representing An Execution, or "Death by Hanging," will conclude the performance.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 30, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

Grand Rally of the "Minute Men."

The Minute Men will have a Grand Torch Light procession to-night.  
An address will be delivered at the Capitol after the procession by the Hon. W. L. Harris.  
A general attendance is invited.

Programme.

- 1<sup>st</sup>—Jackson Brass Band.
- 2d—Rocket Corps.
- 3d—Mississippi Rifles.
- 4<sup>th</sup>—Minute Men.
- 5<sup>th</sup>—Knights G. C.
- 6<sup>th</sup>—Citizens and Strangers.
- 7<sup>th</sup>—Jackson Fire Company.
- 8<sup>th</sup>—Jackson Guards.
- 9<sup>th</sup>—Mississippi Capital Dragoons.
- 10<sup>th</sup>—Quitman Light Artillery.

Procession will be formed on State Street in front of the Armory of Miss. Rifles.

Strangers who are with us in this move for Southern rights, are most cordially invited to join Procession.

It is desirable that all who join the Profession [sic?] should wear the Blue Cockade.

Friday, Nov. 30<sup>th</sup> 1860.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 1, 1860, p. 3, c. 4

Grand  
Ethiopian Concerts  
on  
Wednesday and Thursday  
Evenings,

December 12<sup>th</sup> & 13<sup>th</sup>, 1860,  
at  
Spengler's Hall,  
by  
Messrs. Sharey, Duprez and Green's  
New Orleans, and Metropolitan Double  
Minstrel Troupe,

Numbering sixteen delineators of Ethiopian characters, and a Brass Band of ten pieces introducing an entire change of programme, each night.

The Brass Band will give a Serenade in front of the Hall each evening, previous to opening of Doors. Go early, if you wish a good seat.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 7, 1860, p. 3, c. 6

Dancing Academy,  
Graves' Building.

Prof. C. H. Cleveland, respectfully announces to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity, that he will open his Academy for imparting instructions in the latest and most fashionable styles of dancing, including a full course of calisthenic [sic] exercises. All the new and fashionable dances of the day will be introduced during the session, including the beautiful new quadrille, the Prince Imperial.

Hours of Tuition from 9 to 12, and from 3 to 5, Saturday Morning and Evening.  
Gentlemen's class from 7 to 9, Friday and Saturday nights.

Terms of tuition.--\$10,00 per session of twelve Lessons.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 11, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Georgia Girls in Homespun.

The Atlanta (Ga.) American, reporting the State Fair, says:

"Not the least attractive feature of the day was the appearance on the grounds of a party of twenty-seven ladies, teachers and pupils of the 'Spring Hill School,' attired in a substantial check homespun dress, made fashionably full and flowing. Twenty-seven blooming, bright-eyed Southern lasses, in cloth of Southern manufacture, of which the staple was peculiar to their homes, was indeed a sight worth seeing on a Southern Fair ground."

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 11, 1860, p. 3, c. 3

Everett & Maddens  
Consolidated  
Variety Show,  
Embracing  
Comicalities,  
Eccentricities,



Negro Minstrelsy, &c.  
Will exhibit at Jackson,  
Friday and Saturday,  
December 14<sup>th</sup> & 15<sup>th</sup>, 1860.

Admission Fifty-cents. Children and Servants, Half-price.

H. J. Guion, Agent.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 11, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

The Georgia Flag.—The "Everglade" left this port yesterday with the Georgia flag hoisted. It is the first one ever used in this State, and was made during the time of the States Rights excitement in 1828.—Savannah News.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 11, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

The Blue Cockade.—Cockades were numerous on the streets yesterday. They are blazing out in every part of the city, are rapidly on the increase and come out in some cases "under difficulties." We saw a few immense rosettes of blue baize, as big as small sized cabbages, fluttering around.—Petersburg Express 1<sup>st</sup>.

SEMI-WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 14, 1860, p. 3, c. 3

Homespun.—Many of the citizens of Texas are putting off everything of wearing apparel that is manufactured at the North, and coming out in full suits of homespun. The Northern manufactures may make a note of this.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], January 16, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

### A Cheering Voice from Texas!

Amid the din of warring sections, and the loud notes of feindish [sic] hate that are borne to us upon every gale from the North, the following letter comes from the Lone Star State as a messenger of sympathy in our struggle for independence. It is written by the hand, and is the emanation of the noble heart, of a lady, formerly of Mississippi, who illustrates the patriotism of her sex in this hour of trial, but not of gloom, for even now we look hopefully upon the silver lining of the cloud that shirts our horizon.

Gladly will the men of Mississippi enter the lists to prove their sheild [sic] and spear in the championship of Southern rights and honor and the protection of Southern women:

Vialoolah, Dec. 28<sup>th</sup>, 1860

Dear Sir:--Enclosed you will find a "rosette," it combines the tricolor of the Texas flag with its Lone Star, and was the revolutionary badge. It is now adopted as the distinctive badge of those Texas volunteers who are in readiness as "Minute Men," to answer the call of South Carolina, or any other Southern State.

I send it to you that it may be worthily worn and bravely defended as the champion of lady's gage, challenge to chivalric and generous emulation the true knights of Mississippi to link their shields with the volunteers of Texas, advance their penons in the front of danger, and to him that plants his standard in the thickest of the fight be the award of valor and the prize of patriotism.

Texas will be ready in full time to join her sister States in a Southern Confederacy.

Yours truly and respectfully,  
M. H. W.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], August 7, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

#### To Make Vinegar and Pickles.

The following timely suggestions are from a lady in Madison county, and will prove invaluable to those who wish to make pickles or vinegar for the volunteers:

Madison County, July 31, 1861.

Ed. Mississippian:--Permit me through your paper to make a suggestion to the ladies of Mississippi and others who are preparing stores and provisions for our soldiers.

To make a healthy, grateful, and cheap pickle, good to prevent scurvy in those who live on salt provisions, take an empty whiskey or molasses cask, do not wash it unless dirty inside, fill up with firm, hard peaches, not too ripe, gathered with the hand without bruising, add two or three dozen pods of red peppers and one quart of salt, then pour on vinegar until the cask is full, and head. This pickle will keep well, and the vinegar is finely flavored—it does well to use in cookery or at table. For family use, any spices preferred, may be used in addition to the pepper and salt. I have peaches over a year old, put up in this way which are as fair and good as when put up.

I would say also to the ladies, dry all the fruit you can, to send to the soldiers; also okra, split and dried in the shade, is as good as flesh for soups and stews, and if boiled well is good with the addition of pepper and vinegar as a vegetable, and will be a luxury to those in camp who are fond of it.

Every Southern housekeeper may make her own vinegar as I do, thus: Take one head out of an empty molasses cask, put in 6 gallons of molasses and fill the cask three-quarters full with water; add a bushel of ripe apples cut small, or if apples are scarce, save the peelings and cores of the apples dried or used in cookery, and as you get them, put in the vinegar cask; also add all the skimmings of preserves and refuse of honey. If the cask is not then full add more water. Cover it with the head to keep out dirt. In two or three months you will have a good cask of vinegar which is to be strained off and bunged up in a tight cask for use.

I have every summer for thirteen years, made my own vinegar in this manner, and have always had good vinegar both for pickling and table use.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], August 7, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

#### Grand Tableaux.

The Ladies and gentlemen of Jackson will give a grand Tableaux interspersed with brilliant Vocal and Instrumental music on Friday evening next, for the benefit of our brave soldiers at Manassas.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], August 14, 1861, p. 1, c. 1

Ladies Sewing Society of Dry Grove.—A society was organized by the Ladies of Dry Grove, Hinds county, for the purpose of making clothing for our gallant boys now serving in the

field.

As an evidence of the enthusiasm prevailing in the country, as well as in the cities and towns in the laudable effort to supply our troops with comfortable clothing, we may mention the fact that at the first meeting of the above society, a fund of six hundred dollars was raised, of which amount six individuals contributed the sum of three hundred dollars.

This, for a neighborhood so sparsely settled, is a most liberal contribution, and should serve as an incentive to more populous districts to engage zealously in the good work.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], August 14, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

From the Nashville Union.

#### To Southern Mothers.

As our coast is blockaded, our Government has not been able to procure a sufficient supply of blankets for our sick soldiers. In this emergency, they have called you on to aid them. Knowing as they do, that there are thousands of families who can spare, without inconvenience, from one to six blankets or comforts, they feel that they have only to make their wants known to you.

Let each neighborhood at once make up a package. Throw into your box bed blankets, (old or new,) comforts, socks; and a jar of jelly [sic] or preserves, or anything your good sense tells you is needed by the sick and wounded soldier. Start at once your box on its mission of mercy. It will strengthen the heart, it will nerve the arm of the soldier who is fighting our foes. Think of the fever wasted form, of the bruised and bleeding soldier as he lies without cover on his pallet of straw! Shall he languish in want, while his bleeding wounds are the brightest mementoes of that immortal field of Manassas? Think too of Manassas' glorious Dead! They died for you and yours.

Boxes should be sent to E. W. John's, Med. Surgeon, Richmond, Va.

A Soldier's Wife.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], August 14, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

#### The Scott County Ladies Volunteer Aid Society.

At a meeting of the ladies of Hillsboro' and vicinity, held at the Baptist Church, August 10<sup>th</sup>, the following persons were present: [list]

The meeting was organized and the following ladies were elected officers:

Mrs. A. Lloyd, President; Mrs. P. Kirkland, Vice-President; Mrs. M. L. Wofford, Treasurer; Miss M. B. Ashe, Secretary.

At 10 o'clock, the Society was called to order, and the President invited to the Chair, and the object of the meeting was read, at the close of which, the roll was presented.

This Society was formed for the purpose of aiding to the uttermost of its abilities, in whatever manner their necessities may require the volunteers of the "Forest Guard" company, who have left Scott county, to face and repel the invading enemy, and to protect our homes.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the ladies in the country be respectfully invited to join us.

Resolved, That the initiation fee into this Society be fifty cents.

Resolved, That this Society meet on Saturday next, 9 o'clock, A. M., at the Baptist Church, and after, that at the same time, every two weeks.

Resolved, That each meeting shall be opened with prayer.

Resolved, That a committee of nine be appointed to solicit subscriptions in furtherance of the object of this Society.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the Eastern Clarion and the Mississippian.

Names of the committee appointed to solicit subscriptions—Miss E. Barfield, Miss K. Cain, Miss L. Haralson, Mrs. Reese, Miss Lloyd, Miss Chambers, Miss Lowry, Miss Clovers, Miss Hall.

Mrs. A. Lloyd, Pres't.

Miss M. B. Ashe, Secretary.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], August 21, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

#### Aid to Volunteers.

The ladies of the Military Aid Association, have appointed agents to visit Pensacola, New Madrid and Virginia, to take charge of Hospital stores, clothing, &c., and look into the wants of our brave volunteers.

All boxes or packages sent to Jackson depot properly and plainly marked, and directed to the care of Col. Wm. H. Brown will be forwarded to their destination free of charge.

The ladies Association of Jackson have prepared boxes to receive any clothing the friends of our soldiers may wish to send.

Col. R. M. Hobson leaves for Pensacola and Fort McRae on the 24<sup>th</sup> inst. Agents for the other points mentioned, will leave from the 25<sup>th</sup> to 30<sup>th</sup> inst.

Papers throughout the State will please copy.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], August 21, 1861, p. 3, c. 7

#### Wool! Wool!!

We want 10,000 pounds wool in exchange for goods.

Robinson, Windley & Co.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], August 21, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

For the Mississippian.

#### Winter Clothing for the Volunteers.

Medical Director's Office, }  
Corinth, Miss., Aug. 4, '61. }

Maj. Barksdale:--The generous sympathy you have manifested for the sick soldiers in the service of the Confederate States, especially those under the command of my honored chief, General Charles Clark, must be my apology for this intrusion. The patriotism displayed so

conspicuously by the fair daughters of Mississippi, up to this period, in providing and sending forward supplies for our brave boys, is without a parallel in history. The articles, such as clothing, bed furniture, &c., had a double value to us, when we knew they were not bought and paid for in money, but were the work of their own soft hands—the prompt offerings of pure hearts. The ladies of your city, Heaven bless them, have been most conspicuous in this gracious work. It may be some repayal for their labors to know that I have seen many a manly eye flash, smouldering [sic] as it was from the ashes of disease, when I have made them comfortable with the timely clothing from Jackson and told them of the donors; and I have heard prayers offered for them, and blessings such as only the afflicted can invoke for those who relieve them. You will pardon this; I scarcely know where to stop when once I begin on this theme.

My principal object in writing now was to ask your interference to procure our soldiers proper covering for the winter fast approaching.

You are perhaps aware that blankets are scarce, and almost impossible to obtain in sufficient quantities for our necessities. Fortunately, by a timely beginning we may overcome this deficiency. If the ladies will take the matter in hand, the thing is half done.—Every housewife knows how to make a *comfort*. Mississippi will have in the field, say in round numbers, twenty thousand of her sons. Cannot forty thousand comforts be made for them in the next sixty days?—These comforts should weigh ten pounds each. Each might be lined with an *old blanket* (and a comfort made to supply *the place in the family*.) Old calico dresses might be used for the outside, and the comforts should be well bound around the edges. In order to make the matter of supply work well, a head should be at Jackson to whom all throughout the State should report. Why may not some of your noble women visit all the Court-house towns in the State and perfect an organization of so much importance? The women of Jackson are competent for any great work!

I beg of you, should you refer to this letter, to warn the people against the *uncharitable* practice of sendings [sic] things to the Hospital for a *particular regiment or company*. It is a discrimination which, however pure the motives that prompt it, that is unjust, and such articles need not be directed to me for they will not be used. I could not bear to see one soldier on a mattress with linen sheets and fine pillows, and another by his side, his equal in every point of view, languishing in pain and disease on his blanket. All must fare alike in Hospital. When well, I have nothing to say. Articles coming for the sick of such and such companies or regiments will be turned over to their respective commanders.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], August 21, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

### Mourning.

The annexed timely and appropriate remarks, which we copy from the Richmond Whig, are worthy the special attention of our readers:

A Suggestion:--We would respectfully suggest to our citizens, and indeed to those of the Confederate States generally, that the usual emblems of external mourning be dispensed with by those who have lost relations who were bravely sustaining their country's right, and in this met with a glorious death.

Apart from the distressing and gloomy aspect it would give to our streets and to our churches, amid the great cause for rejoicing which the Almighty has vouchsafed to us by a victory almost unparalleled there is another very strong reason for not adopting the habiliments

of mourning. Many families who have lost a dear relative cannot well afford in these times to incur the expense of mourning suits, at the greatly increased cost of them, even if possible to obtain them at any price.—The heart may feel as deeply as though it beat under a colored vestment.

Another consideration may very properly be suggested, in the fact that the loss of a father, a son, a husband or a brother, however poignant the sorrow it may carry to the hearts of the bereaved, is, under the circumstances of the present war, no cause for that bitterness of mourning which attends the ordinary dispensations of providence, because the gloom is brightened by the glory in the discharge of the holiest obligation of duty.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 4, 1861, p. 1, c. 4

An Appeal to the Citizens of Mississippi.

Surgeon General's Office,       }  
Richmond, Va., Aug. 21, 1861.}

Sir:--I respectfully solicit your co-operation in the good work which I propose for the comfort and relief of our sick and wounded soldiers in Virginia, and whenever afterwards they may be employed I wish to the women of your State to aid me in this undertaking. I feel that no stimular [sic] is necessary for the exercise of their patriotism.

The Southern congress has allowed to this office a clerk whose duty will be to take charge of all articles, those articles will be regularly issued and medical officers held responsible for the same.

The following articles will be accepted, viz: Hospital Shirts, Bed Linen, Blankets, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Bandages, Rags, Corn Starch, Gelatine, Rice, Flour, Tapioca, Brandy, Whiskey, Port Wine, Disinfecting agents.

Should a box be sent, a list of articles should be furnished. Please mark the name of each article on the package.

Mark the boxes "Army Medical Purveyor, Richmond, Virginia."

Very resp'y, your ob't serv't,  
S. P. Moore,  
Act'g Surgeon General, C. S. A.

His Excellency, Gov. Pettus, of Mississippi.

To the Patriotic Citizens of the State  
of Mississippi, and especially the Ladies.

Executive Office,       }  
Jackson, Aug. 26, 1861.}

Our sick and wounded soldiers need comforts, which neither the Confederate nor the State Government have the power to furnish without your assistance. In the above letter will be found a list of such articles most needed. Confident that no lengthy appeal is necessary in the cause I simply publish the letter received from the Department in relation to the matter and ask your co-operation in relieving the sick and wounded, and I do hereby appoint the Probate Clerk of the several counties throughout the State to receive all such donations as may be tendered, and they are requested to cause the same to be securely packed and shipped to the Quartermaster at Jackson, who will defray the necessary expenses of packing and transportation.

Special attention is called to instructions in the letter as to the packing and marking the packages.

John J. Pettus.

The papers throughout the State are requested to copy.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 4, 1861, p. 1, c. 5

For the Mississippian.

#### Donations Received.

Quartermasters Department, }

Jackson, Aug. 28<sup>th</sup>, 1861. }

Editor Mississippian—Dear Sir: Please permit me, through the medium of your columns, to tender the thanks of the Quartermaster General, as well as my own, to the following patriotic ladies and gentlemen, who have responded to the call made upon them, for the contribution of blankets for the use of the soldier of Mississippi now upon the tented field. In thus promptly responding to the call of the Quartermasters Department, they have manifested a patriotic liberality which is honorable to themselves, and which we trust will be imitated by the citizens generally of the State who have this very necessary article of comfort for the soldier to spare:  
[list]

Respectfully, &c.,

Jos. Bennett,

Ast. Q. M. Gen'l.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 4, 1861, p. 1, c. 5

Starkville Volunteer Aid Society.—This society was formed in Oktibbaha on the 10<sup>th</sup>. Mrs. S. Critz, President; Mrs. Fryerson, Vice President; Mrs. R. Bishop, Secretary; Mrs. E. Bardson, Treasurer.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 4, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

#### To the People of Mississippi.

Richmond, Aug. 22, 1861.

Fellow citizens:--A meeting of Mississippians was held in this city on the evening of the 19<sup>th</sup> inst., for the purpose of devising means, in connection with the government, of contributing to the comfort and health of our soldiers in the army of the Confederate States. At this meeting the undersigned were appointed a committee to assist in attaining the objects intended, by soliciting from you voluntary contributions of such articles of clothing, food or medicine, as you may have at command. The government is actively and energetically engaged in procuring supplies for the usual army rations, but as you well know these will fall far short of providing all those conveniences and comforts which are so essential to the well-being of the volunteer. In consequence of the blockade, many of the most necessary articles are beyond the reach of the commissariat, or can be procured in but limited quantities and of inferior quality. Such, for instance, as blankets, shoes, woolen socks, and winter clothing generally. In regard to the first of these it has been proposed for each family to contribute all or a part, and to supply their places by

the substitution of cotton comforts. This proposition seems to meet with general favor, and if carried into effect will ensure an abundant supply of an article so essential to the health and comfort of the soldier. It is proposed also, that each family shall furnish several pairs of woolen socks, the material of which is thought can be abundantly supplied in almost every neighborhood. We feel confident that our patriotic women who have already done so much, will cheerfully undergo whatever inconvenience and trouble may result from the plan suggested. To them we look—to them we appeal—knowing with pride and with pleasure, that they will heartily respond to every effort to strengthen the hearts and nerve the arms of those who are now striving to protect their homes and firesides from invasion and desecration . . .

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 4, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

For the Mississippian.

#### Work for the Volunteers.

Editor Mississippian—The following ladies residing in Rankin county, promptly responding to my solicitation, made the number of garments annexed to their names respectively, for the benefit of the volunteers; and I am instructed by the President of the Ladies Military Aid Society of Jackson to return to them the thanks of the Society for their generous and patriotic labors.

Alice J. Barksdale.

[list]

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 4, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

Summary: Diagram for an Army Blanket—making a blanket into an overcoat

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 4, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

#### What Shall we Send to the Soldiers.

The question is repeatedly asked by relatives and friends of our sick and wounded soldiers who are lying at the various Hospitals, "what shall we send to them to minister to their comfort?" In answer to this question a list has been made out which will supply most of their wants which cannot be otherwise met by Surgeons and nurses. If the list given below is observed as a guide, it will save friends and the Government much unnecessary expense.

#### List of Supplies

Black and green tea, loaf sugar, arrow root, barley, rice, rice flour, tapioca [sic], gelatine [sic], farina or corn starch, flax seed, tamarinds, boiled honey, dried fruit, sago, oat meal, race ginger, spices of all kinds, particularly nutmegs, vinegar, mustard, dried orange and lemon peel, slippery elm, wild cherry tree bark, red pepper, hops, sage and every kind of herb, mutton suet, sweet oil, beeswax, old castile and turpentine soap and onions.

Wines—Port, maderia [sic], claret, blackberry or any home made wines, ale and porter, tomato syrup, lemon acid and brandy.

Jellies—blackberry and plum.



Pickles—of all kinds to be sent to both sick and well.

Bread—biscuit and crackers well beaten and ginger nuts sent in tin boxes, toast also in small quantities.

Clothing—Flannel and cotton drawers, flannel undershirts, woolen socks, long night shirts, crash and cotton towels, old cotton linen and swiss muslin or bobinett for poultices and plasters, new and old sheets, pillow ticks and slips, thin blankets, comforts, old flannel garments, lint, mattress ticks; also Societies can make bandages 3 by 3½ inches wide and 3 to 10 yards long, also pads or small pillows to support wounded limbs.

Bottles of any vessel that can be broken should be packed in separate boxes from bread and clothing.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 4, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

Great Southern Stocking Manufactory. We would call the special attention of the public to the card of Mrs. H. B. Evans, to be found in another column of this morning's issue. We had the pleasure on yesterday of visiting her store for the purpose of seeing her Knitting Machines in operation, and must say that we were amazed, as well as highly pleased at the facility in which the work was performed. The public is aware that "stern winter" is fast approaching, and it would be both wise and prudent to send in orders immediately, as the first that come will be first served.

To companies and Regiments we would also suggest the propriety of sending in their orders, as we think it the most speedy manner in which they can be furnished with this necessary and indispensable [sic] article of clothing.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 4, 1861, p. 4, c. 7

#### Army Goods.

We have just received

- 5000 yards gray Jeans.
- 3000 yards brown Jeans.
- 2000 yards mixed Jeans.
- 5000 yards grey Linseys.
- 3000 yards red twilled Flannel.
- Red, plain and grey Flannels.
- 2000 yards Hickory Stripes.
- 2000 yards brown Drilling.
- Merino Shirts, Jackets.
- Army Blankets.
- White Blankets.
- Oil Blankets.
- Oil Cloaks.
- Caps, Buttons, hats, Shoes, &c.
- The highest price paid for wool

E. & S. Virden.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 4, 1861, p. 4, c. 7

## Great Southern Stocking Manufactory!

Mrs. H. B. Evans would respectfully announce to the citizens of Jackson and vicinity that she has several Knitting Machines in operation at her store on State street, and can fill all orders for furnishing stockings and socks at War prices, to the amount of 100 pair per day. Persons, whether wishing to purchase or not, are respectfully invited to call and witness the performance of the Machines, and also examine her fine assortment of stockings and socks now on hand.—She would also announce that she is still keeping up her millinery and dress-making as usual.

Jackson, sep13 61-1m

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 25, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

### Soldiers' Friend Society.

The ladies at Summit have formed a society and adopted the above name. The following is a list of the officers: [list]

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 9, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

We have been requested to state that the soldiers at Enterprise are in need of clothing. The Ladies' Society of this place are responding to the wants of the soldiers of Mississippi wherever situated as fast as possible, but they need the co-operation and aid of others. While those patriotic ladies are manifesting such self-sacrificing interest for the comfort of our soldiers, and are doing so much for the common cause, let their example stimulate others to good deeds and liberal donations.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 9, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

Pearl River Mills.—we are informed that J. & T. Green, are running their Factory night and day in the Manufacture of yarn and army goods. This step was demanded by the increasing consumption of heavy fabrics.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 23, 1861, p. 1, c. 1

The Ladies: Old and Young: God Bless 'Em!—Among the many noble acts of our ladies we are pleased to note one performed by an aged matron of this county. Mrs. Preserved Ford, aged seventy-nine years, spun and knit with her own hands, socks for President Davis, Generals Beauregard and Johnston. The hearts of our blushing damsels and trembling matrons are alike enlisted in the holy cause of independence. This act of one of the venerated mothers of our State reminds us vividly of her who watched with deep maternal anxiety over the illustrious Father of his Country. We are proud of our mothers; and while they are multiplying evidences that the fires of '76 are still alive in their bosoms, it will be our glorious privilege to show that we, too, have not degenerated. Our sacred cause upheld and sustained by such holy influences as the prayers of Mrs. Ford, and others like her, is sure to triumph. May she live to see the independence of our country placed upon a basis never to be shaken! and when her final summons calls her home, may her pure spirit be wafted to its home in Heaven!

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 23, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Troops From Texas.—Two companies from Texas passed through our city for Kentucky

on Saturday last, one followed on Sunday, and the remainder of the regiment will follow in each successive train till all have arrived.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 23, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Helen Johnston Guards.—E. C. Postell, Captain; B. J. F. Cotten, 1<sup>st</sup> Lieutenant; Henry C. Tupper, 2d Lieut.; A. C. Walker, 3d Lieut.

This splendid company of volunteers, from Madison, Leake and Attala counties, passed through our city on Saturday last on their way to Marion Station, Lauderdale county, where they join a Regiment nearly complete for the Confederate service *during the war*.

The company was uniformed at the expense of Miss Helen Johnston, (whose name they bear,) a wealthy young lady of Madison county, distinguished alike for her generosity and her devotion to the cause of the Confederate States. Let this good example be followed by all whom Providence has blessed with the means, and we shall have no lack of soldiers to defend our cause.

The company is ably commanded. Among the officers we notice the name of Henry C. Tupper, son of our distinguished friend Col. T. P. Tupper, of Canton.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 30, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

Flag of Mississippi.—We have been asked for a description of the flag of Mississippi. We do not know of any distinct flag of the State. when Mississippi seceded, and before the formation of the Southern Confederacy, her sons rallied under the flag that bore "the single star;" but after the meeting of the Montgomery Convention and the adoption of the Confederate flag with the "stars and bars," Mississippi, in common with other Confederate States hailed it as *our* flag—the flag of the country. Her coat of arms remains unchanged.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 30, 1861, p. 1, c. 5

For the Mississippian.

Military Aid Society at Clinton.

Clinton, Miss., Oct. 21, 1861.

As I have not seen any notice of the doings of the Military Aid Association of this place, in any of our newspapers, I respectfully request you to give this an insertion in your weekly issue. I deem it a privilege as well as a duty to let the good people of Mississippi know, what the patriotic ladies of Clinton and vicinity have done and are doing for the benefit of those who have gone forth from our midst, to defend our beloved Country.

On the 14<sup>th</sup> of June last, the ladies of this place and vicinity formed themselves into a Military Aid Association by electing Mrs. L. F. Banks, President; Mrs. E. J. Lewis, Vice-President Miss M. Doughtry, Secretary; Mrs. M. Abbott, Treasurer. Since which time they have received by subscriptions four hundred and twenty-eight dollars and seventy-five cents cash, and thirty dollars in clothing, leaving a balance on their subscription books of fifty-two dollars and one bale of cotton yet due.

They have completed and sent off to the Mississippi College Rifles in Virginia [list]. They have sent to Pensacola to members of the Mississippi (Jackson) Rifles [list]. Taken out by members and sent to soldiers in different places [list]. Remaining on hand [list]. They have also made subscribed and sent off Hospital stores [list].

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 30, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Wool from Texas.—The Caddo (La.) Gazette, of the 19<sup>th</sup>, says "several wagon loads of wool have arrived from Texas during the past week, and will be forwarded to our southern factories. We are pleased to see this invaluable article so abundant in our country, and trust that an ample supply may be procured to meet the urgent wants of our volunteers." The same paper also urges that every attention should be paid to the raising of sheep, and none should be killed during the war. Texas alone can produce enough wool for the Confederacy, if the planters would cultivate less cotton, and devote more time to their flocks.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 30, 1861, p. 3, c. 1

The Ball Last Saturday Night.—The ball given by our colored people at Concert Hall on Saturday night last, though a *dark* was nevertheless a brilliant affair. It was got up on a grand scale invitations being responded to from Canton, Brandon, Clinton and other places. The price of admission was \$1 50, and the Hall being filled to repletion with the "beauty and chivalry" of our colored population, a considerable sum was cleared for the benefit of the Ladies Aid Society, or rather for the benefit of our volunteers. As idea may be formed of the extent of the ball when we state that at no time during the music did we see less than from fifty to seventy-five on the floor—all enjoying themselves hugely—the *fair* sex as smiling, and the other sex exhibiting gallantry in the most refined style. The supper, too was in good *taste*, and at the conclusion the gentlemen escorted the ladies home in the best carriages our city and surrounding country affords. The poor darkies—how much they need the sympathy of Massa Abe! To John Davis, of the Bowman House, much credit is due for his efforts in creating so much amusement for his colored, and much funds for his white friends.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 30, 1861, p. 3, c. 7

The Three Great Market Peaches!  
Yellow St. John, Early Chelmsford, Chinese Honey.

These are decidedly the most profitable market peaches in cultivation, as they are all of large size, handsome appearance and delicious in quality. They are all free stone, and ripen, in complete succession, from 1<sup>st</sup> June to 10<sup>th</sup> July.—The fruit has sold at wholesale, in New Orleans and Mobile, during the last two seasons, at from \$5 to \$10 per dozen.

I have never sold a tree of either for less than \$1, but now offer 20 packages, containing 6 of each variety, at \$10 per package; provided, the order and money reach me before the 1<sup>st</sup> December.

Treasury notes taken at par in payment.

H. A. Swazey,  
Tickfaw Station, La.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 30, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

A Texas Regiment.—A regiment of East Texans under command of Col. Grey, passed up Wednesday night last, bound for Memphis, Tenn. Texans are the best fighters in the world, and the "Lone Star" is doing her whole duty in the present crisis.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 30, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

Juvenile Levee.—Wednesday being the anniversary birth-day of Miss Josie Angelo and Mrs. Miazza give her a levee which was largely attended, and a most brilliant epoch in the history of the Juveniles of this city.—The splendid Saloon was furnished for the occasion with a band which discoursed appropriate music, and a more joyous scene we have never witnessed.

At the proper hour the youthful train was led to the festive hall where everything which could please the eye or gratify the palate was spread before them. The variety of nicknacks [sic] was amply discussed, and the children retired apparently impressed with the conviction that Wednesday night was a great event on the threshold of their pilgrimage.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 30, 1861, p. 4, c. 5

A company from Mississippi reached Richmond on the 18<sup>th</sup>. They bore a banner upon which was inscribed, "Victory or Death." The Enquirer trusts the gallant fellows may achieve the fullest share of the former, and live long to enjoy its richest fruits.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 13, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Patriotic Ladies of Cuba.—Late Havana news give us an account of a presentation, by the ladies of Havana, of a splendid Confederate flag to the Captain of the steamer Theodora. The flag was presented through Mrs. Edna Norris, the daughter of an old citizen of New Orleans, John M. Bach. Accounts of the arrival at and departure from Havana of the Theodora have been previously alluded to.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 13, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

For the Mississippian.

#### To Preserve Dead Bodies.

Take 2 lbs. common salt, 2 lbs. alum, 1 lb. saltpetre [sic]; dissolve in 6 gallons water and keep the shrouding wet with the solution.

I have used this preparation on all necessary occasions for the last thirty years. It will in a great degree prevent the offensive odor from dead bodies, and while the remains of so many of our deceased soldiers are being transported such a distance, it may be of service to publish it.

A Physician.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 20, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Report by C. K. Marshall on Mississippi Hospital affairs in Warrenton, Virginia, dated November 1, 1861.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 4, 1861, p. 1, c. 3

Ladie's [sic] Volunteer Aid Society.—The ladies of Covington county have formed a Society at Santee Church under the above name. Its object is similar to those all over the patriotic State of Mississippi, to assist in the prosecution of the war.

[officers]

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 4, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

## Tableaux Vivants.

The ladies and gentlemen of Jackson will give a series of Tableaux, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music on Wednesday evening, 4<sup>th</sup> of December, at Concert Hall, for the benefit of our sick soldiers in the Hospital at Warrenton, Va.

This being for a humane and truly patriotic purpose, we sincerely hope that our citizens, may, in some degree, prove their patriotism by giving them a *crowded house*.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 4, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Salt works have been established and put in operation at five different points in Smith county, Texas, within the past few weeks.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 4, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Manufacture of Cloths in Georgia.—Georgia has paid great attention to manufactures in years past, and the consequence is that her manufacturing interests have become of much importance. She will hereafter be able to supply all her own wants, and can afford to snap her fingers at the rest of mankind, blockade or no blockade. She has already in active operation some thirty factories, engaged in turning out sheetings, shirtings, osnaburgs, denims, kerseys, linseys, jeans, cassimeres, etc., besides others which only spin yarn for hand-loom. These various factories turn out more than five hundred thousand yards of goods *per week*. Gov. Brown was recently inaugurated in a complete suit of home made cloth which was handsome. Some of the members of Congress appear in their seats in similar suits. Let Mississippi imitate the example of Georgia.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 11, 1861, p. 1, c. 1

Tableaux and Concert.—Agreeably with previous notice the Tableaux Vivants and Concert came off at the Concert Hall on Wednesday night. The Hall was filled with an attentive auditory, and everything passed off in the most satisfactory manner to all concerned. It was a complete success, and the receipts in favor of the hospital amounted to no inferior sum.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 18, 1861, p. 1, c. 1

The Concert and Tableaux Vivants by the young ladies of Miss Ingraham's school at Concert Hall last evening, was a most pleasant and agreeable entertainment. The purpose for which the affair was gotten up was well calculated to draw upon the hearts and purses of the people; and they showed how pleased they were at the opportunity to contribute to the families of our brave soldiers, by turning out *en masse*. The Sergeant-at-arms of the House took the door and executed the functions of his office by arresting nearly the entire Legislature at the head of the stairs, and detaining at least the price of one ticket from each of them.

The performances in vocal and instrumental music delighted the audience, whilst the scenic displays were tasteful, picturesque and graceful; and sure we are that no one in the vast throng went home without a secret joy in having thus added his mite to the noble object, and a feeling of obligation to the fair young friends for so charming and interesting an exhibition.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 18, 1861, p. 1, c. 1

Meeting of the Ladies Aid Society.

A meeting of the Ladies Society for the aid of Volunteers of the Confederate army will be held at the house of Dr. C. S. Knapp's tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. A full attendance is pressing solicited to hear the remarks of Rev. John P. Campbell who is now on a mission to the South in behalf of the Hospital Associations of Nashville Tennessee.

We learn from Mr. Campbell that there are about two thousand of our noble volunteers, now in the Hospitals at Nashville, receiving constant and tender nursing from hundreds of the Ladies of that city, and requiring the daily expenditure of more than two thousand dollars.

Would it not be well for Mr. Campbell to address the members of the Legislature and our citizens at large on the objects of his mission? We ask the hearty co-operation of our citizens with Mr. Campbell in the objects of his mission.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 18, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Christmas Eve Entertainment.—We are gratified to learn that it is in contemplation to give an entertainment at concert Hall on Christmas Eve, the proceeds of which will be appropriated to charitable purposes. It is said that there is to be a Christmas Tree, and that adults and children will receive tickets with numbers at the door which will entitle them to corresponding numbers which are to be attached to a multitude of prizes on the tree.

When the arrangements shall have been fully completed our readers shall be notified.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 18, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Concert and Tableaux for the benefit  
of the Duncan Battalion.

An immense throng at Concert Hall last evening testified the generous appreciation with which every effort of our noble women to contribute to the necessities of the brave men who are to fight the battles of Southern independence is hailed by the public. The concert was not a success alone, but a triumph. Beauty blazed upon the stage, and bewildered in the auditorium. Jackson turned out in its strength to reward the efforts of the ladies, and an evening of rare enjoyment glided happily away.

Some, we might say all of the scenes of the tableaux were exhibited in matchless skill, elegance and beauty, winning in every instance rapturous applause and long and loud repeated encores from the delighted audience. The children introduced in the pageant added beauty to the exhibition, and, surrounded by all that could enhance their charms, looked like sweet and innocent epistles of love and purity. Some of the tableaux were gorgeous beyond the power of our pen to portray; the Harvest scene especially, and the crowning of the Hero of Manessah. Others, too, not now remembered by their titles, were splendid in their scenic beauty and effect, and won the highest encomiums from the audience.

The music too, vocal and instrumental, was worthy of the finest opera. One young lady, especially, sung in tones so sweet and mellow, that the imagination rested upon the tender waves of her song, as if 'twere thrilling with the low, sweet zephyrs that sigh from angel lips through the courts of heaven. The heart was filled with the delicious melody of her voice, and when she ceased a thrill of pleasure lingered, holy almost as the solemn silence that follows prayer. Never, in the gay and sparkling halls where song is wont to reign, have we heard a voice so melodiously tender, so purely exquisite.

The songs of the gentlemen were also choice vocal efforts, and won unmeasured

commendation. The closing act in this beautiful home entertainment—the song dedicated to the Duncan battalion—was poetically and musically fine, and in its vocal utterance a rare and rich *finale* to so delightful and charming an exhibition, as it was destined to crown us with a garland of beauty and melody.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 18, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

#### Nurses for our Hospitals.

["] The saddest aspect of war is met with in the hospitals. This is what the soldier did not bargain for. He volunteered to fight the enemy, not slowly wasting disease—to meet death on the field, not in the hospital—to fall covered with glory at the cannon's mouth. Yet, alas, he often meets death at a distance from the foe and from inspiring trump and embattled host. To this the soldier and his friends must be resigned. It is and ever has been the fortune of war. Thus dying, he dies the death of the brave, and is as justly entitled to his country's gratitude as though he had fallen on the ensanguined field. Thus he fills a soldier's grave and is enshrined in the heart of patriotism. He has done what he could and is entered upon the immortal roll of heroes. ["]

The extract above is from a long and exceedingly interesting narrative in the Nashville Christian Advocate, of the 12<sup>th</sup> inst., descriptive of scenes in the hospital of that city. Had we room, we should like to give the entire article, so full of interest, so truly tender and sympathetic is its tone. One great want, felt above all others, is that of kind and faithful women to nurse our sick soldiers.—This is an office that men, however willing, can but imperfectly fill. The throbbing brow needs the soft touch of woman's hand—the agonized heart, feebly fluttering between life and death, craving the voice of the loved ones at home, leaps into life again under the melting tones of woman's holy sympathy. The mothers, wives and daughters of the land have nobly performed their duty in the necessities which this war has created. The cheek of roses has paled, and the bright eye of beauty grown dim in patient, unremitting efforts to provide for the comfort of the soldier in the tented field, and in the preparation of healing balsams for the wasted and wounded in the hospitals. Woman, glorious woman, has indeed proven herself to be "Heaven's best gift to man." Reverencing her always, when we have seen her beaming as an angel of light in the dark hour of the struggle now upon us, we have in the infidelity of our admiration, learned also to worship her—to regard her as not only the purest but the most perfect and beautiful type of earth's created excellence. Man, in his strength, is noble. Woman, in her meekness, is glorious. The tall Archangel, burnished in the brightness of his heavenly livery, is sublime. But Mary weeping at the tomb, brings to the mind so exquisite a scene of love and devotion, as fills it with the melody of immortality, and wakes the soul to a keener appreciation of the great love which throbs in the bosom of the Father. Valor is sublime; love, the wondrous beauty of the Throne itself, and beautiful is the distinction drawn by the poet:

"Whilst valor's haughty champions wait  
Till all their scars be shown,  
Love walks unchallenged thro' the gate,  
To sit beside the throne!"

The matrons of the land are needed. Will they abandon for awhile the pleasures of home, to minister to those who have abandoned their homes to go in defense of all that is dear to them and to us? Will the mothers go to soothe the sick, bind up the wounds of the battle stricken, and



pour into the expiring ear the melody that will greet it first in Heaven, and should linger last on earth around it—the melting accents of woman's tender love. Go through the wards of the various hospitals and see the brave men, the strong men whom no peril can dismay, no duty fatigue, lying weak and helpless as infants. See hovering around that pale sufferer, the noble presence of the wife of the commanding General—that high-bred, delicate woman, performing offices the most menial—wiping with her soft hand the death-sweat from the brow of one, and speaking words of peace and comfort to others of the fever-racked tenants of these rude cots. Telling them of the fond mother they have left behind, of the sweet sister who mournfully counts the days of their absence, or perhaps of another yet nearer and dearer who sits in her lone apartment and fills the chambers of her mind with pictures of the absent one. Do not angels love to pass through that sick room, and may we not believe that Heaven is made vocal with her praise. And she is not alone in her devotion. All around her fair forms glide gracefully, and sweet voices mingle in the good work of soothing and encouraging the sick and suffering.

But the noble ladies of Nashville are not equal to all the labor before them. They need help, and their sisters of Mississippi should go to their assistance. Those hospital walls are echoing to the groans of our gallant sons. No hired hand should smooth their pillows. It is love's own especial office, and those who shall perform it, we may believe, will be especially interested in this passage when the Judge shall sit upon His Throne, and the Book be opened:

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was ahungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

"Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee ahungered, and fed thee? or thirsty and gave thee drink? when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 25, 1861, p. 1, c. 4

Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 9, 1861.

. . . Raleigh is a [fold in paper] place, about the size of your own city of Jackson. I drove 13 miles out in the country yesterday to the Forest Paper Mills. This is a beautifully romantic spot. The mills are situated on the rocky banks of the river Neuse, whose limpid waters make music as they pour over the "crag and peaks" of its rough bottom. The main building (a very large one) is constructed entirely of rocks, one side of which is constantly lashed with the rapid current of the river. Although the operatives are engaged in the sloppiest sort of work, hauling wet and dirty rags, yet the whole inside of the building is as neat as a parlor; and notices are stuck up here and there requesting visitors not to spit on the floor. The machinery, floor, the paper they make, everything in fact, evinces the most perfect cleanliness throughout the entire establishment. I am deeply indebted to the courteous and gentlemanly manager, Mr. J. J. Furguson, for his kindness and patience in explaining the various manipulations through which the rags went before they were turned into nice, white and smooth paper. I dare say your readers would thank me if I would tell them how the paper was made made [sic]; but I shall do no such thing, for the most obvious of reasons, I can't. . . .

Managin.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 25, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Christmas Eve.—Donations for the Tree will be received at Concert Hall on Saturday from 9 till 5 o'clock.

Tickets for admission bearing numbers for the prizes will be sold at the same hours on Monday and Tuesday.

This is the first Christmas under the Confederate Government, and the object being patriotic, let there be a crowded house.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 25, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Another Gone.—How the war is crushing the life out of the newspapers! Daily we miss the visit of some pleasant cotemporary, which has gone down under the pressure. The last number of the Grenada Rural Gentleman comes to us with the sad announcement that it, too, will be discontinued at the expiration of the year. Should the war last one year longer, there will be perhaps but two papers left in this State to announce its close. It is melancholly [sic] to witness the departure of the newspapers, but it is folly for those who are dependent alone upon a circumscribed county patronage, to struggle for a feeble and sickly existence.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 25, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

#### Christmas Entertainment.

We would call attention to the splendid entertainment gotten up by the ladies of Jackson, to come off at the Concert Hall on Christmas eve.

*The Christmas Tree*, loaded with its rich gifts, for Christmas presents, will be a sight well worth seeing. Each person buying a ticket of admission will be entitled to a prize, corresponding to the number on the ticket.—Tickets only fifty cents, half tickets for children, twenty-five cents, all of which will draw a prize.

A raffle will also take place during the evening, for a *richly embroidered Vest*, and a most *beautifully embroidered Child's Dress*, both presented to the Ladies Aid Society by Mrs. Angelo Miazza. The proceeds of the entertainment, raffle, &c., for the benefit of our brave volunteers.

Good music has been engaged for the occasion, and we anticipate the most delightful entertainment of the season.

Doors open at 6 o'clock. Tickets to be had at the Post Office during the day, and at the door at night.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 16, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

#### Nurses for our Hospitals.

["] The saddest aspect of war is met with in the hospitals. This is what the soldier did not bargain for. He volunteered to fight the enemy, not slowly wasting disease—to meet death on the field, not in the hospital—to fall covered with glory at the cannon's mouth. Yet, alas, he often meets death at a distance from the foe and from inspiring trump and embattled host. To this the soldier and his friends must be resigned. It is and ever has been the fortune of war. Thus dying, he dies the death of the brave, and is as justly entitled to his country's gratitude as though he had fallen on the ensanguined field. Thus he fills a soldier's grave and is enshrined in the

heart of patriotism. He has done what he could and is entered upon the immortal roll of heroes.  
["]

The extract above is from a long and exceedingly interesting narrative in the Nashville Christian Advocate, of the 12<sup>th</sup> inst., descriptive of scenes in the hospital of that city. Had we room, we should like to give the entire article, so full of interest, so truly tender and sympathetic is its tone. One great want, felt above all others, is that of kind and faithful women to nurse our sick soldiers.—This is an office that men, however willing, can but imperfectly fill. The throbbing brow needs the soft touch of woman's hand—the agonized heart, feebly fluttering between life and death, craving the voice of the loved ones at home, leaps into life again under the melting tones of woman's holy sympathy. The mothers, wives and daughters of the land have nobly performed their duty in the necessities which this war has created. The cheek of roses has paled, and the bright eye of beauty grown dim in patient, unremitting efforts to provide for the comfort of the soldier in the tented field, and in the preparation of healing balsams for the wasted and wounded in the hospitals. Woman, glorious woman, has indeed proven herself to be "Heaven's best gift to man." Reverencing her always, when we have seen her beaming as an angel of light in the dark hour of the struggle now upon us, we have in the infidelity of our admiration, learned also to worship her—to regard her as not only the purest but the most perfect and beautiful type of earth's created excellence. Man, in his strength, is noble. Woman, in her meekness, is glorious. The tall Archangel, burnished in the brightness of his heavenly livery, is sublime. But Mary weeping at the tomb, brings to the mind so exquisite a scene of love and devotion, as fills it with the melody of immortality, and wakes the soul to a keener appreciation of the great love which throbs in the bosom of the Father. Valor is sublime; love, the wondrous beauty of the Throne itself, and beautiful is the distinction drawn by the poet:

"Whilst valor's haughty champions wait  
Till all their scars be shown,  
Love walks unchallenged thro' the gate,  
To sit beside the throne!"

The matrons of the land are needed. Will they abandon for awhile the pleasures of home, to minister to those who have abandoned their homes to go in defense of all that is dear to them and to us? Will the mothers go to soothe the sick, bind up the wounds of the battle stricken, and pour into the expiring ear the melody that will greet it first in Heaven, and should linger last on earth around it—the melting accents of woman's tender love. Go through the wards of the various hospitals and see the brave men, the strong men whom no peril can dismay, no duty fatigue, lying weak and helpless as infants. See hovering around that pale sufferer, the noble presence of the wife of the commanding General—that high-bred, delicate woman, performing offices the most menial—wiping with her soft hand the death-sweat from the brow of one, and speaking words of peace and comfort to others of the fever-racked tenants of these rude cots. Telling them of the fond mother they have left behind, of the sweet sister who mournfully counts the days of their absence, or perhaps of another yet nearer and dearer who sits in her lone apartment and fills the chambers of her mind with pictures of the absent one. Do not angels love to pass through that sick room, and may we not believe that Heaven is made vocal with her praise. And she is not alone in her devotion. All around her fair forms glide gracefully, and sweet voices mingle in the good work of soothing and encouraging the sick and suffering.

But the noble ladies of Nashville are not equal to all the labor before them. They need help, and their sisters of Mississippi should go to their assistance. Those hospital walls are echoing to the groans of our gallant sons. No hired hand should smooth their pillows. It is love's

own especial office, and those who shall perform it, we may believe, will be especially interested in this passage when the Judge shall sit upon His Throne, and the Book be opened:

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was ahungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

"Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee ahungered, and fed thee? or thirsty and gave thee drink? when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 16, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Concert.—The colored people of Jackson will give a Grand Concert on Wednesday evening next. We are assured that it will be wholly African in its features, and that the proceeds will be contributed to charitable purposes. We shall issue programmes to-morrow.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 20, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Christmas Tree.—The Ladies interested in the Christmas Tree, to which we alluded yesterday, are requested to meet at Mrs. Knapp's to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.

Christmas Eve.—Donations for the Tree will be received at Concert Hall on Saturday from 9 till 5 o'clock.

Tickets of admission bearing numbers for the prizes will be sold at the same hours on Monday and Tuesday.

This is the first Christmas under the Confederate Government, and the object being patriotic, let there be a crowded house.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 26, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

Paper—Paper-making, &c—Something  
For Everybody to Read.

There is a good deal of practical sense in the following article clipped from the Montgomery Mail:

["] We are daily reminded, by the half sheets and otherwise reduced size of newspapers of the high price of blank papers and the great difficulty of obtaining them, even for cash. Had Southern publishers all resolved, years ago, as they ought to have done, to buy no paper from Northern mills, there would be this day twice as many paper factories as we now have; and they would not only make news and wrapping papers, as at present, but also an abundance of the various kinds now so much in demand. There is not a sufficiency of newspaper manufactured in the South so supply one-half the demand which existed a year ago.—The publication of two-thirds of the Southern journals have ceased it is true, for lack of patronage; but had they been sustained by the usual patronage, we believe one-half would have suspended for lack of paper to print upon.

These facts speak loudly to printers, who should forever hereafter purchase only from home mills, thus encouraging the establishment of an additional number of them here at home.

We hope the Editors' Convention to assemble in Atlanta on the 13<sup>th</sup> March will act on this subject, as well as on that of the telegraph. It is quite as important. The press has long been urging the people to patronize home manufactures: it is time a practical illustration or example was given to their arguments.

One great obstacle in the way of paper manufacture, in the South, is the difficulty of obtaining clean cotton or linen rags. The saving, collecting and baling of rags has been considered a business too small for most persons to engage in. We respectfully suggest to such persons, that they give their rags to their slaves, and allow them to wash, bale and send to market for their own account. Sambo and Dinah will thus make a handsome little revenue annually, and at the same time subserve a great public interest. There are many thousand dollars worth of rags annually wasted, swept out or otherwise destroyed, which ought to be made to aid the cause of Southern independence in the manner indicated.

These remarks, slightly changed in expression, will apply to many other branches of industrial economy. For example, the soap makers find but few persons willing to offer their waste grease and ashes for sale, although Mr. A. L. Clapp, of the city, would pay for them in a very excellent quality of bar soap, which is in every household equivalent to cash. We hope the great mass of our people will speedily forget to despise anything, however small, which may answer a useful purpose.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 26, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Letter from Col. Fontaine advocating Bowie knives and pikes, describing how to make ammunition at home

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], February 26, 1862, p. 4, c. 1

For the Mississippian.

Tennessee in Dixie.  
By Capt. J. P. Stevens.

Old Tennessee has not forgotten,  
Her good old friends in the land of Cotton,  
Fight away, fight away, fight away Tennessee;  
It's the land of the free and the home of the brave,  
And over it the Southern Flag ever shall wave,  
Fight away, fight away, fight away Tennessee.

Chorus— I'm glad she is in Dixie, hurrah, hurrah,  
In Dixie land she took her stand,  
To live and die in Dixie.  
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

She has no doubt, she has no fears,  
For lo! she swarms with volunteers,  
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Tennessee;  
She swarms with soldiers stout and brave,  
Who'll fight their glorious land to save,

Fight away, fight away, fight away, Tennessee.  
Chorus-- I'm glad she is in Dixie, &c.

Her ladies too, with heart and hand,  
Will give their aid to Dixie land,  
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Tennessee.  
There's Lura, Annie, Sal and Jane,  
With Bettie and Mollie in the train,  
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Tennessee.  
Chorus-- I'm glad, &c.

Our *Sweethearts*, Wives, and good old Mothers,  
Sisters, Cousins, and a host of others,  
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Tennessee.  
Will give us a kiss and squeeze of the hand,  
And wont we fight for Dixie land?  
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Tennessee.  
Chorus-- I'm glad, &c.

We'll trust the might of great Jeff Davis,  
Who with the help of God will save us,  
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Tennessee;  
Brave Beauregard and gallant Lee,  
Can whip the North with Tennessee,  
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Tennessee.  
Chorus-- I'm glad, &c.

We intend to fight if God will let us,  
For Mississippi and Governor Pettus,  
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Tennessee;  
We'll lay aside old Yankee Doodle,  
Fan out old Abe, and the whole caboodle,  
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Tennessee.  
Chorus-- I'm glad, &c.

The traitor Andy was quite lucky,  
To make his 'scape to old Kentucky,  
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Tennessee;  
Should he return to Tennessee,  
We'll put him where he ought to be,  
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Tennessee.  
Chorus-- I'm glad, &c.

Come one, come all, come Doctors, Teachers,  
Merchants, Lawyers, Farmers, Preachers,  
Fight away, fight away, fight away, Tennessee,

And let us all with sword in hand,  
Join in and whip out *Yankee Land*,  
Fight away, fight away, Tennessee.

Chorus-- I'm glad, &c.  
Ever of Thee.

The Editor is not responsible for the appearance of the above effusion.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], March 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

The following noble and patriotic invocation to our brave soldiers, from one of the fair daughters of the land, breathes through out with the spirit of '76, the spirit of unadulterated independence. Such a plea, coming, as it does, straight from the hearts of our glorious women, is irresistible. We are happy to learn that our gallant twelve months men are all, or almost all, re-enlisting.

For the Mississippian.

To our Southern Soldiers.

Soldiers of the South! for almost a year many of you have been nobly and gallantly defending your native soil from the invasion of our enemies; many of you still bear upon your bodies the scars received in the blood-stained battle fields of Manassas, Leesburg, Bethel, &c. Your brows are entwined with laurels fresh and green, and your names are engraven upon the grateful hearts of your countrymen. You have been looking forward with pleasure, to the expiration of your term of enlistment, when others taking your places, you would be permitted to return to your much loved homes, there to enjoy those domestic pleasures so long denied to you. But, brave and patriotic soldiers, the time has not yet come when you can safely sheathe your swords and drop your muskets. The enemy is still upon your soil, threatening to devastate your country and desolate your beautiful homes. A large army, splendidly equipped and well drilled, is now organized for your subjugation, and can you, *will* you return to your homes, and leave only raw material to contend with this gigantic army? Will you who have proved yourselves equal to veterans upon the field, and have won the confidence of your country, leave it in this hour of peril, to depend alone upon brave but inexperienced and untried soldiers? Your mothers and sisters are very dear to you, and sweet are the pleasures of home; but remember, brave soldiers, that in *your* keeping are the honor and safety of those so dear to you; and to you they look to protect them from the insults of a brutal enemy. And could you see the blush of shame mantle their cheeks whilst you rested in ease and tranquility, and permitted the enemy to penetrate into the heart of your country and desolate your homesteads? No! brave and chivalric Southerners! those who have dared to insinuate that you would pursue such a course, have not read your brave and patriotic hearts aright, and know now all their noble and manly impulses. Never shall it be said that the land which gave birth to Washington and Jefferson, to Clay, Calhoun, Jackson, and others as brilliant and patriotic, is *now* lacking in heroes as brave and as true as were they; and never will you permit their sacred dust to be trodden under the feet of a Northern foe. But soon shall we see your names all enrolled for the war, and Gen. McClellan shall find that when mid-summer arrives he will have the *same* bold spirits to contend with that drove the Yankee hosts with rapid strides from the glorious plains of Manassas, Leesburg, &c. For months his large army has been lingering on the Potomac, fondly dreaming of the suspicious

hour when our well trained army shall have given place to one composed of new and untried material—but, methinks, his men will wait until their young heads have grown grey before they will see our Southern army forsake its post, for *our* noble soldiers are not hired menials working for their daily allowance, but brave and manly *volunteers*, who are willing to sacrifice *every thing* to save their honor and their country. Farewell, brave boys, and now, one and *all*, gird on your armor—if for a day of rest you have thrown it aside—and never yield until your independence is secured. Let your motto ever be, "victory or death."

A Daughter of the South.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], March 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

For the Mississippian.

Negro Men can be made Serviceable  
to the Country.

I was much gratified to observe in the last number of your paper a very able editorial urging upon the wealthy planters, the importance of detailing portions of their best negro men for military use.

I am happy to record one example of this character in the person of a patriotic planter of Madison county, whose name I am not at liberty to publish, who has generously tendered to the command of Gen. E. L. Acee, twelve likely negro men for such use and service as may be required of them. This noble example should be followed by others and as many thousands tendered to the Executive of the State as may be deemed politic for use, in this momentous period in our history. We must put twenty thousand men in the field within the next thirty days, and not less than three thousand negroes should be added to this force. It must be obvious to a reflecting mind that this element would constitute a sanitary [sic] reform much needed, and if judiciously [sic] selected and governed, would be of much service as an equal number of whites. These negroes could be employed as cooks, wagoners, nurses, etc., and if properly armed with knives, could be relied on in an emergency. They would soon learn to detest the enemy with the fervor of true patriots, and in their communications with their servants would popularize a sentiment of resistance, which would give security to thousands of unprotected firesides in the darkest hour of the revolution.

The struggling patriotism of the masses now appeals to the wealthy for assistance to aid in throwing off the hated shackles put forth for our enslavement. Civilization itself is awaiting the response. Will not the wealthy promptly come forward and tender, not only the use of some of their negro men to the commonwealth but such means as they possess for the support and maintenance of the families of those who may require aid to enable the head to give our country legions?

J. D. E.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], March 5, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

For the Mississippian.

Clinton, Miss., March 3d, 1862.

It is cheering in these times of gloom and despondency of some of our countrymen, to be permitted to chronicle the never failing efforts of our devoted and patriotic ladies of Clinton and vicinity, to aid and assist in the great and glorious undertaking of freeing our beloved country



from our Northern aggressors. The Ladies, God bless them! never think for a moment of giving up the ship of State on account of the few rough blasts we have received from the North, but with every reverse they redouble their efforts to fit and prepare our brave soldiers to withstand the rigors of the campaign. Our last report. . . Sent to Pensacola. . . Sent to Bowling Green. . . Sent to Nashville Hospital. . . Donated to Gen. Jeff. Thompson's command. . .

J. B. G.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], June 9, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

Summary: Far left column "The Women of Baltimore", but the left side is hidden in the binding

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], July 15, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

Summary: Poem, "The Dying Soldier, or the Charge of the Texas Brigade," by Margarita J. Canedo, for the Mississippian

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], July 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Giving Up the Cushions.—Many of the churches in Richmond have sent to the Medical Purveyor of that city the cushioned seats used therein to be applied in rendering the wounded soldiers comfortable. The ladies of the different churches are now engaged in fabricating mattresses for the use of the wounded. Two cushions tacked together make an excellent mattress.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Briarsfield Arsenal.—This celebrated armory is rapidly approaching completion in all its branches, and bids fair to compete with any similar establishment in the Confederacy. The late commander, Maj. W. R. Hunt, must feel justly proud of these immense shops, raised, as they were, under his immediate supervision, and in the face of difficulties at times disheartening.

Although we have to deplore the necessity that caused the resignation of Maj. Hunt, yet we congratulate the government at Richmond, and citizens of Columbus, upon the appointment of Capt. J. T. Trezevant, as his successor. Capt. Trezevant has, ever since the evacuation of Memphis, been associated with Maj. Hunt in the Arsenal, and has not only the good will of the numerous employees, but enjoys an enlarged experience of the multifarious duties of the ordnance department.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 12, 1862, p. 3, c. 1

McAllister & Hughes, at the Jackson Axe Manufactory, or McAllister's Store, wish to purchase for the benefit of the Government, all the old worn-out Axes, for which they will pay in cash from 50 cents to \$1 each. Those having old axes will confer a favor upon the Government, themselves and us, by bringing them in immediately to the above, or H. Penn, Hazlehurst, or G. Penn, Brookhaven. We will also upset and grind axes on the shares for the accommodation of the Planter.

Jackson, Miss, Sept. 3d, d1w.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 12, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

For the Mississippian.

Timely Voice of a Southern Woman.

Again the [fold in paper] of victory is borne on every breeze. Another fierce and bloody battle and the stars and stripes are trailing in dust. The insolent invader, with their glittering bayonets proudly and defiantly aimed at freedom's heart, have been [fold in paper], smitten and driven from the boasted triumph by the heroic valor of our brave sons. The God of battles and of justice has again strengthened our arms and given us a glorious victory. But ah! at what a fearful cost!! How many [fold in paper] hearts will give the mournful echo, "*What a fearful cost!!*"

Thousands of noble spirits, like pure and brilliant stars, have been suddenly transferred to another sphere to receive from bright winged angels the laurels [fold in paper] richly won, glittering crowns that earth could never give.

While the welkin rings with shouts of victory, and all Southern hearts seem filled with joy and gladness, for the cheering news from Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, and hearts leap with joy that the infamous Pope and his piratical minions have been welcomed to gory beds upon the soil they sought to scourge and devastate, yet, list! rejoicings and thanksgiving for our brilliant success have scarce died away when a low and mournful voice comes wafted upon the soft night zephyr [fold in paper] ulous eagerness, for a list of the fallen brave.—Bright eyes are dim with tears for the loved and cherished ones were on that battlefield. Where are they now? Have they not given their heart's blood, a noble sacrifice upon the altar of liberty? freedom for their wives and children from the ingrate tyrant's iron rule?

The lovely Panthea, the devoted wife of Arbradates, when she presented her husband with his coat-armor, helmet, bracelets and plume, of her own handiwork, for the great battle of the Perdeans and Babalonians, could not restrain her tears, and embracing him, even hissing his garments in her fondness, she exhorted him to *die with sword in hand*, rather than not signalize himself for his *gallantry and worth*.

How many fair hands in our oppressed land have thus choked back the falling tear and rising sob, until they have decked their loved ones for the deadly strife? Those hands may be pressed upon the loving heart, to still its wild and fearful pulse, ere the fatal news brings woe and agony too deep for utterance. Thus sorrow and joy are mingled in a breath, but the recording angel notes it all, and the black-hearted demons are fast bringing upon their own heads the destruction they sought to inflict upon those who are nobly contending for their rights. The storm cloud is moving in the right direction at last; God's voice will be heard, and our sweet sunny land will be purged from the tread of the base usurper.

Onward, onward, brave Southerners! Let the fearful clash of arms and the loud cannon roar, startle the base ingrates from the quiet of their own home.

Women of Mississippi! there is work to do. The wounded from our recent battle fields are not in our midst, yet we can vie with each other in contributing to their comforts. Boxes of cordials and wholesome jellies, with warm suitable clothing for the invalid, old linen and lint, can be neatly and without delay, put up and entrusted to a faithful bearer—one who will see them safely deposited where mostly needed.

Let us emulate the generous and patriotic ladies of East Tennessee, after the former battle of Richmond, when the wounded and convalescent soldiers were returning to their homes, at every depot as soon as the cars would stop, the weak and exhausted soldiers were greeted by the entrance of ladies with their servants bearing baskets and waiters filled with refreshing drinks, cakes and every delicacy.

Those wishing to leave the cars were provided with carriages, *without charge*. For once let pleasure excursions, balls and levees, with their expensive fixtures, be forgotten, while we

devote our energies and means in providing comforts for the self-sacrificing, noble spirits, who have so valiantly aided in freeing the Capitol of our Southern Confederacy from the presence of the insolent foe.

Ettienne.

Jackson, Mississippi, Sept. 12, 1862.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 29, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Socks for the Army.

I want to purchase for the army all the woollen [sic] socks that can be furnished in the State of Mississippi, for which I will pay 75 cents per pair.

L. Mims,  
Major & Q. M.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 29, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

Army Clothing to Make.

Tailors and Seamstresses are wanted immediately at the Armory Hall in Jackson, Miss. The work will be given out, if desired, and good wages paid.

J. L. McAlenny & Co.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 29, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

Wool! Wool!!

I want to buy for the Confederate States 100,000 lbs. Wool, for which the highest market price will be paid in cash. Persons from a distance sending wool, will have proceeds sent them in cash, or such articles as they may want.

John W. Robinson.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], September 29, 1862, p. 3, c. 4

Attention, Shoemakers!

I want Thirty Shoemakers at Canton, Miss., to assist in making 50,000 pairs shoes for our army.

S. Hillyer,  
Captain and A. Q. M.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 2, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

Summary: Poems—"Farewell to Louisiana!" and "Prisoner's Fare at Camp Douglas"

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 10, 1862, p. 1, c. 2-3

Summary: Speech of the Traitor, Jack Hamilton of Texas, from Butler's Delta.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 10, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

Dixie Works,  
Canton, Mississippi.

Manufacture Dress, Artillery and Cavalry Swords, Bayonets, Bowie Knives, Cavalry Spurs and Bitts, Cannon Carriages, Caisons [sic], Transportation Wagons, Transportation Harness, Infantry and Artillery Leather Equipment, Knapsacks, Haversacks, Ambulances, Litters, Camp Cots and Stools, Tarpaulins, Cartridges for Maynard Rifles, Wooden Canteens, Army Belts and Buckles, Sword Mountings, etc.

Several hundred Cavalry Sabres [sic] now ready. Will have three full Batteries of Wagons completed in a few days.

W. Werner & Co.

Canton, Aug. 2, 1862-d.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 11, 1862, p. 1, c. 3-4

Summary: Hospital Report of C. K. Marshall to Gov. J. J. Pettus, showing a statement of receipts and expenditures at the Richmond and Lynchburg Depots, for Mississippi soldiers, and also Hospital expenses for sick and wounded of our State. We use at Richmond, chiefly for our hospital necessities, two Confederate establishments—the Bailey Factory and the Wynder Camp.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], October 11, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

Socks for the Million

Mrs. H. B. Evans would announce to the public that she is prepared to knit any quantity for those that will bring their yarn for 20 cents per yard. Societies would do well to make early application.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

A Dark Day for Jackson.

Yesterday afternoon about three o'clock, a terrific explosion took place at the Arsenal in this city, blowing up the Magazine and producing a fearful shock throughout the city and its suburbs, killing all the hands engaged in making cartridges and completely destroying all the vast army stores that had been gathered there. The scene after the explosion is described as heart-rending. Mangled bodies of men, women and girls who had been employed in making cartridges, were scattered in every direction!

Many bodies were so terribly lacerated as to render recognition wholly impossible. We are not able to day to give the names of that ill-fated band—about thirty-four—who were so hurriedly ushered into eternity, or the extent of the loss sustained in the munitions of war, but will do so tomorrow. The sight was dreadful in the highest degree, and the loss of ammunition heavy. Jackson will long remember and mourn the sad occurrence.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

### Fire.

Before our city recovered from the dreadful shock caused by the explosion of the magazine, a fire broke out in the building on Main street, occupied by Mr. Goodman as a Jewelry and Dry Goods establishment. This occurred about 10½ P. M. The wind blew in a north-western direction, and owing to the extremely dry weather and the difficulty of getting water, it was seriously feared that the whole city would be swept in a general conflagration. The fire raged northward from the building occupied by Mr. Goodman, (where the fire commenced), and destroyed the house occupied by Mrs. Evans, as a Millinery establishment, and continued its ravages to Mr. Weir's, next to John Martz, next Mr. John W. Robinson, where the progress of the flames was arrested. The Depot of the Southern Railroad was also destroyed with several surrounding buildings. Several bales of cotton and a considerable quantity of goods were destroyed—the exact extent of which we are not yet advised.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

An Old Editor Gone.—We regret to learn, says the Huntsville (Texas) Item, that Senator E. Scarborough, for many years owner of the Brownsville Flag, was recently assassinated in the streets of Brownsville.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Kentucky Spoils.—A call appears in the Augusta papers for 1,000 women to convert the Kentucky jeans, brought out of Kentucky by General Bragg's army, into soldiers' clothing.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The Selma Reporter states that the salt works in Clarke county, under the direction of the State authorities, are now turning out one thousand bushels per day. Colonel A. G. McGehee, the commissioner in charge, is complimented for his efficiency [fold in paper] operating these works.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 6, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

### Shoemakers Wanted!

Twenty-five or fifty shoemakers can find steady employment on application, at my shop in Clinton, Mississippi. The best of wages paid.

Charles Schweigel.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 6, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

### Wanted.

Four Cloth Cutters to cut Clothing in C. S. Clothing Manufactory, at this place. Experienced men preferred.

Apply at the store of

J. W. Robinson,  
State street.

Jackson, Miss., Nov. 4-tf.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 7, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Loss of Ammunition.—We are happy to learn that the statement made by us yesterday, that a large amount of ammunition was destroyed in the explosion on Wednesday evening, is incorrect. We are informed by Col. Stockton, the Superintendent of the Arsenal, that the loss in ammunition was very light.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 7, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

#### The Disaster.

About half past three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, (the day before yesterday) our city was the scene of one of the most appalling disasters that it was ever our misfortune to witness, the results of which are heart-rending. At the above hour one of the buildings, about three squares back of the Bowman House, used by the Ordnance officers for the manufacture of ammunition, exploded with an awful crash that shook every house in the city, and caused the greatest alarm and excitement—in an instant astonishment and horror was depicted in every face, and soon hundreds were running with breathless haste to the locality of the sad occurrence. A scene here met the eye that caused the stoutest heart to quail! The two story brick building used as the laboratory was blown to the smallest atoms, and the *debris* were scattered for several hundred yards around. All the men and women employed in the building at the time, had been hurled to instantaneous destruction. Shockingly mangled bodies of both sexes lay around in the most frightful and horrible positions, besides blackened and disfigured so as to almost defy identity as human beings! One man had a leg torn off and his brains literally blown out. The body of a poor girl was hanging by one foot to the limb of a tree, she was evidently dead, but her clothes were still burning. Other bodies were blown to the distance of from fifty to one hundred and fifty yards, and presented a mutilated and most shocking appearance. The packages of powder and the shells were yet continually exploding as the fire of the burning ruins reached them, and many who attempted to go nearer, in order to render assistance, it needed, were thus warned to desist until the danger was over.

The fire engine was promptly on the ground, but could not do much owing to the want of water.

In a short time many of the friends and relatives of the unfortunate victims were on the spot, and scenes of the most affecting and heart-rending character took place as the awful fatality was known. Several surgeons and humane gentlemen endeavored to find some who had not been killed outright, but the only one we saw who seemed to have any chance for recovery was a sentinel—his thigh was broken and he was otherwise wounded, he was carefully placed on a cot and borne off by friends. Another sentinel, about one hundred yards or more from the explosion, was hit in the back by a flying brick, and but slightly injured. James Carnes, a carpenter was also slightly hurt in the side. These three were the only ones outside the building who were hurt.

The officers in charge of the Arsenal, are we learn, Colonel P. Stockton, Captain W. Tams, Lieutenant R. S. Kinney, and Capt. H. Fisher. Col. Stockton had fortunately just been called away. Captain Tams and Captain Fisher were not in the immediate vicinity of the

explosion luckily, and Lieutenant Kinney was providentially absent, sick in his room. At the time of the explosion, the laboratory held only a few hundred rounds of fixed ammunition, and about two hundred pounds of powder, so that the pecuniary loss is quite inconsiderable. The cause that led to this tragical [sic] occurrence, must like others of a similar nature, remain a mystery. It is most positively known that there was no fire within several hundred feet of the laboratory, and no satisfactory account can ever be given of the cause of this direful calamity. The officers mentioned, are well known to be skilful [sic], experienced and cautious, and the employees had often been warned of the dangerous character of the material they worked with—only *two* out of twenty-one young women are known to be saved—*twenty-nine* bodies through the humane exertions of the Mayor and his attendants, have been gathered together for burial. Some of them have not been recognized, so severely [sic] have their features and bodies been distorted. The other buildings of the Arsenal were comparatively injured, but some of the dwellings in the immediate vicinity, were considerably damaged. Their occupants had a wonderful escape, and were terrorstricken for hours after the occurrence. While our community mourns over the sad reality of the frightful destruction of life, we are all seriously reminded of the great uncertainty of human affairs. We trust that we may never again have to relate such agonizing details of the loss of human beings.—The unparalleled [sic] fact, of the greater portion of the victims being helpless women is *dreadful* indeed, and serves to make this the most truly melancholy record we ever penned.—Owing to the confusion and excitement in the city, we were unable sooner to give our readers anything like a definite statement of this sad and lamentable affair. We are indebted to the courtesy of Capt. Henry Fisher, military store keeper, for the following lists of the killed, those who are known to be safe and those not heard from—the latter we have hope will yet report themselves safe. [list]

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 7, 1862, p. 3, c. 2

### One Hundred Navy Repeaters!

We have on hand and ready for delivery, 100 Navy Repeaters, (Colt's patent) and are manufacturing them at the rate of thirty per week. Price for a single Pistol, \$75, or when for companies of not less than forty \$65.

We have also on hand a few very fine Staff Swords, and some extra fine Spurs.

All orders accompanied by the cash, will be promptly attended to.

Leech & Rigdon,

Novelty Works, Columbus, Miss.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 8, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

### Wanted!

By the Selma Foundry,

At Selma, Ala.:

Fifteen or Twenty Good Moulders [sic]. Those acquainted with the casting of heavy ordnance and shot and shell would be preferred. Also ten or fifteen good Machinists, and as many good Blacksmiths, and half a dozen good Pattern makers, to all of whom *full* wages and *permanent* employment will be given.

Selma is a beautiful and healthy place, and has all the conveniences of a city of six thousand inhabitants. The Foundry Works exclusively for the Government, and all the hands employed are exempt from the conscript law and military duty.

C. J. McRae & Co.,  
Selma, Ala.

Refer to Col. James A. Horne, Jackson, Miss.

Natchez Courier copy 1 month, and send bill to this office immediately.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 8, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Blankets for the Soldiers.—Maj. Mims, Chief quartermaster of this Department, calls upon all persons to furnish him with blankets for the use of our soldiers who are suffering for the want of them.

Let each person feel that it is his especial duty to furnish one, and we feel confident there will be but little suffering for the want of blankets. See his call in another column.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 19, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Diana Smith, the Heroine of the  
Northwest.

From the Wytheville Dispatch.

A friend has kindly furnished us with some interesting particulars in the history of this young heroine.

She was born and raised in the county of Jackson. Her father is a consistent and pious member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was leading a quiet, peaceful and useful life, until his country was invaded, when he called his countrymen to arms, and raised the first company of guerrillas, which he commanded until this fall, when, by fraud and treachery he was captured, and ever since has been confined in a loathsome dungeon at Camp Chase, Ohio, without hope of delivery, unless our Government should interpose and procure his release.

Diana, his only daughter, is a beautiful girl, and has been tenderly raised, and well educated. She is also a member of the M. E. Church, and has always been regarded as very pious and exemplary. She is descended from a race of unflinching nerve, and satisfied with nothing less than freedom as unrestrained as the pure air of their mountain home.

Her devotion to the cause of Southern rights, in which her father had nobly engaged, has caused her, too, to feel the oppressor's power. Although a tender and delicate flower, upon whose cheek the bloom of sixteen summers yet lingers, she has been five times captured by the Yankees, and marched sometimes on foot, in manacles, a prisoner, once a considerable distance to Ohio, at which time she made her escape. She was never released, but in each instance managed to escape from her guard. She, too, has been in service; she was in several battles in which her father engaged the enemy. She has seen blood flow like water. Her trusty rifle has made more than one of the vile Yankees bite the dust. She left her home in company with the Moccasin Rangers, (Captain Kelser,) and came through the enemy's line in safety, and is now at the Blue Sulphur Springs.

She was accompanied by Miss Duskie, who has earned the proud distinction of a heroine. On one occasion this fearless girl was surrounded by fifty Yankees and Union men, when she went rushing through their ranks with a daring that struck terror to their craven hearts.



With her rifle lashed across her shoulders, she swam the west fork of the Kanhawa river, and made her way to the Mountain Rangers; preferring to trust her safety to those brave spirits, well knowing that her sex would entitle her to protections from those brave mountaineers. These young ladies have lain in the mountains for months, with no bed but the earth, and no covering but the canopy of heaven. They have shared the soldier's rough fare, and its dangers, his hopes, and his joys.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 19, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

#### A Valuable Discovery.

A most valuable discovery has lately been made of the usefulness of Sour Lake water, as supplied to the arts. For the information of our distant readers, we will state that Sour Lake is a small lake or pond of water, situated in what was formerly Jefferson county, but we believe is now embraced within the boundaries of Hardin county, a few miles from the New Orleans and Texas Railroad, and about eighty miles from this city. The waters are quite acid to the taste; those of the surrounding springs bearing a close resemblance to tartaric water. Indeed, they have been successfully used in all the branches of cooking when tartaric acid is required. The difficulty of procuring acid since the blockade has been a serious trouble to the telegraph lines. Telegraphers have tried blue vitriol and copper batteries, etc. A day or since, it occurred to Col. Gentry and Mr. Clute—the President and Superintendent of the Texas Telegraph Company—to try Sour Lake water instead of sulphuric acid. A battery was rigged up, giving a large surface of zinc to the result has proved entirely satisfactory; the lines of the Texas Telegraph Company being now worked by a battery of Sour Lake water.

Hitherto the water has been chiefly resorted to for its health giving qualities. It now bids fair to command attention to its valuable uses in the arts of life. Indeed it is believed that for telegraphing purposes it may be transported in barrels to the most distant parts of the Confederacy, and used more economically than sulphuric acid. Thanks to Mr. Lincoln's blockade. If he will keep it up long enough, we shall find all we want in our own territory yet.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 19, 1862, p. 1, c. 8

#### War to the Knife and the Knife to the Hilt!

The memorable siege of Saragossa is an illustrious example of what determined valor can accomplish. Flushed with pride and insolence, the French commander sat down in front of the heroic city. He thought it would fall an easy prey to his veteran legions, and so confidently wrote: "Headquarters, near Saragossa—surrender." Palafox defiantly replied: "Headquarters, Saragossa: War to the knife and the knife to the hilt!" This was the battle-cry which rang through the city while shot and shell burst upon it, and flames devoured it. Soldiers, civilians, priests, women, vied with each other in defending their altars and their homes. Starvation could not quench the fever of their patriotic souls, flames only made their zeal more fiery and consuming. Palafox and Saragossa are immortal.

In the defense of our seaports the coming winter, let us imitate this proud example.—There is no telling what a heroic people may not do if they only make up their minds in advance

to prepare for danger, and then defy it. In a case so righteous as that of the South against invaders so unscrupulous and vindictive, the mere citizen may perform prodigies of valor. If there is anything in all this broad world that should nerve the hand and fire the heart, the tyranny with which such men as Butler trample in the dust all that men hold sacred, is enough to do it.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 19, 1862, p. 4, c. 3

Jackson, Nov. 1862

Editor Mississippian:--The "order 28," which has stigmatised [sic] the brutal author throughout christendom, was at first refused publication by all the newspapers in New Orleans—it was then copied on sheets of paper and surreptitiously posted on many of the principal corners of the streets in the immediate neighborhood of the St. Charles Hotel. The next day all of the newspaper offices were ordered to be closed for disobedience of orders, on this becoming known, the True Delta paper published the order, and the other newspapers timidly submitted to the *force* of circumstances, and published it also. The natural excitement and indignation that followed throughout the community is indescribable. To their credit be it said, nearly all of Butler's officers expressed themselves *ashamed* of the indecent order, and even now, they would rather not have the subject brought up. . . .

. . . A child of Mr. Thomas, a citizen of New Orleans, was walking the streets in charge of a negress, when a negro boy stepped up and impudently took off a red white and red "secesh" ribbon that was tied around the child's waist—on learning this outrage, Mr. Thomas hunted up the nigger and very properly gave him a severe thrashing. The darkey threatened vengeance, and the next day Mr. Thomas was arrested and sent to the parish prison for thirty days, for whipping the negro. . .

Crescent.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 19, 1862, p. 4, c. 7

#### A "Skedaddler's" Story—An Escape to Canada.

The Liverpool Mercury publishes a letter from a resident of New York, addressed to his brother in Liverpool, and dated at Montreal on the 15<sup>th</sup> of August, in which the writer gives an account of his flight to Canada to avoid the draft. His adventures seem to have been of a lively character. He says he "got home as soon as possible," after reading the telegram announcing the order for a draft, "gave his wife one hour's notice, kissed her and the children, and started in the middle of the night for Canada." He continues:

["] The whole cunning scheme had been planned out beforehand, and all the military and police of the nation were on the alert, under instruction, and with a bounty or reward for every poor devil they could catch, to stop all travelers, and lock up all his chickens in their roost.

In anticipation of drafting, I had filed an exemption plea, with a Doctor's certificate, on the score of ill health, (the Doctor had been attending me for above one year for liver complaint,) but Uncle, being hard up, gave it out just before the order appeared that he could not release sick people. He might ease up a little when they had lost a leg or an arm, or were incurables in a hospital; but otherwise they must come along and help catch a rebel ball or an odd piece of shell or so, and there was therefore no alternative but to go a soldiering or quarrel with old Whittlesticks. There was some hard crying and scrambling even on Friday night at the different railroads and means of exit from the city, the police picking up their victims, so that I had to

move mighty cautious.

I got to Albany, the capital of New York State, on important State business, and my first plan was to strike boldly for the suspension bridge, Niagara Falls, the easiest, nearest and best guarded point of the Canada frontier, and with a through ticket for Detroit across Lower Canada East, demanding a pass boldly as a foreigner, and if denied I then knew two hazardous ferries—one between the Large Fall and the American Fall, and the other about a mile above the Rapids—by which I thought I could slip across.

I had not gone far on the road to Buffalo before things looked very suspicious on the train, and studying my map, I concluded to skip unperceived by the conductor at a junction, entirely change my plans, and strike off into Northern New York, to a small port on the St. Lawrence, two hundred miles away, which I thought would not be, as yet, so sufficiently guarded as to prevent my getting over the St. Lawrence in a boat. I soon found I was spotted, and for hours expected every minute to be laid hold of, although, I had a planned out scheme to meet such an emergency. I luckily, however, slipped out of that train again, before it got to its destination, at another junction, by which I was left at an inland village during Sunday. ["]

He finally made his way to Rouse's Point, and underwent several additional expenses:

["] Having gained the good will of the landlady, during an argument on Sunday in support of her Church, and through her somewhat won upon the shrewd, cunning but stubborn husband, I concluded, during Sunday night, to make a confidant of the "old boss," with a stately reserve, and, if possible, get him to help me. He turned out a true friend, and, on Monday, I left as quietly as possible for some Sulphur Springs, for the benefit of my liver complaint, near to the border line, (eight miles.) Just as the stage was starting, in jumped a United States soldier, on his way to the same place to catch stragglers, and sat with his back to mine, while opposite to me sat a cunning, impertinent Methodist preacher, who set to work immediately to quiz me, and, if possible, to catch we [sic] tripping, so as to nab me, and a precious hard time I had to checkmate him. At the hotel at the springs I had to undergo the harshest examination yet from a six foot Vermont Yankee, but I got him off the track by making arrangements for the boarding by the week for wife, two children and nurse, and in the middle of the night made arrangements for footing it along the bed of Racket river (my only guide) across the border line.

A violent storm detained me, so next morning I followed a previously connected plan of hiring a carriage, and driving to an Indian village, a special object of curiosity to the spring visitors. Just before starting down there came a company of soldier, intending to sweep all before them, but there being no other chance, I drove boldly up to the hotel, (for I had to cross a most exposed bridge in front,) and asked several of the loitering visitors to take a morning ride with me, and coolly started off before them all; but I had no sooner got across the bridge and on the right road, than the carriage broke down. I Yankeed it together again, and in due time got across the border line. I then made friends with an old Canadian to take back my carriage, and finding an Indian, I started across the St. Lawrence in a leaky canoe, Indian fashion, followed by three men, for several attempts had been made on the border line, which was on one side of the road, to pull victims over for the reward. I threatened to shoot the first man that touched me, and the Indian, if he played false, and I should have killed them all in two minutes if they had tried it on.

With great labor and difficulty we got to one of the middle islands of the river, when the Indian was used up, and the worst had to come, for the wind was very high and contrary. After bailing out the canoe, we struck out again into the current, and after about four hours' battling

with wind and waves, I got to Cornwall, Canada East, and at once telegraphed to my wife, having had about a seven hundred mile race with Brother Jonathan.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 19, 1862, p. 4, c. 7

Hanging to Come Off.—Several husbands in this city, who are too lazy to work, being painfully of the opinion that their wives and children would be better off without them, and wishing to dispose of themselves to the best advantage, propose to allow themselves to be hung as soon as a purse can be made up to defray the expenses of the hanging, and to leave a fund for the support of their families. And a number of single gentlemen, who are not mad enough to go to the wars, being impelled by purely philanthropic motives, offer themselves, in the absence of other means of doing good, to be hung for the benefit of the families of these unhappy creatures.

We would suggest to those concerned the propriety of having frequent hangings, instead of swinging them all at once, as this arrangement would give more general satisfaction and pay much better. It would be well, however, to dispose of all the big eaters at once.—Selma (Ala.) Reporter.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 26, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

### Blankets and Quilts for the Army.

To the Ministers of every Denomination:

We have been informed by Major L. Mims, Chief Quartermaster, C. S. A., at Jackson, Mississippi, that our army is suffering for the want of covering from the frosts which have passed, and will suffer far more from those approaching, if not speedily supplied. The people are willing to deny themselves still further, but need some one in every community to direct them. I have ventured to pledge our authorities that there is not a more energetic body than the ministry as a class, and by the approval of Maj. Mims, I hereby appoint you, individually, as volunteer agents in this cause.

Presuming that you will act in the premises, permit me to suggest to you a course that will give system and point to your efforts.

1<sup>st</sup>. State the case and make an appeal to the people on every favorable occasion and if none presents itself soon, make one.

2d. Request several prominent and active men to aid you in each neighborhood, to go from house to house and purchase such as the people will sell at such prices as may be deemed fair under all the circumstances. I am purchasing at from \$8 to \$12 each. Where citizens, from diffidence, refuse to name a price, call in one or two judicious neighbors to aid you.

3d. Have a house in the neighborhood, or at the nearest depot, fixed as a place of reception and deposit, where you can meet them, and fix the name of the person, with the price, on the article, and keep a register of the same in a book.

4<sup>th</sup>. Then report to me, or to some Quartermaster, C. S. A., when your collection is safely arranged for transportation, when you will receive the aggregate amount, which you can disburse in return amongst the citizens.

By thus doing, we can, in twenty days, comfortably cover our gallant but suffering protectors. I can promise no pecuniary reward, yet I know your spirit and experience so well, that I will venture to say you will cheerfully act, and that promptly, and feel rewarded in the consciousness of having served your struggling country in this its day and hour of need.

Let us hear from you at the earliest practicable day.

Respectfully yours,  
In Christian and patriotic fraternity,  
J. T. Freeman.

I approve the above plan, and sincerely hope that it may procure us the articles so much in need.

L. Mims,  
Maj. & Chief Quartermaster,  
Dep't Miss. & East Louisiana.

All the papers in the State who favor this plan will contribute to its success by one or two publications.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 26, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

### The Soldier's Gratitude.

Jackson, Miss., Nov. 21, 1862.

Mr. Editor:--While many returned soldiers, paroled prisoners, &c., are giving utterance to feelings of dissatisfaction at the apparent want of sympathy for them—and the very high prices they have to pay for every article of food, clothing, &c., please allow me on behalf of many, to return our thanks and express our gratitude to Mr. John S. Rhea, a refugee from New Orleans, now a resident of Canton, Miss., for his many acts of kindness and charity toward them.

We have seen him, ourselves, purchase tickets by the handful, and go round and distribute them to the wounded and hungry soldier. Long may he live in the memory of the recipients of his kindness.

A Soldier.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 26, 1862, p. 2, c. 8

### An Appeal from a Christian Virginia Lady to the Ladies of the Confederacy.

To the Editors of the Enquirer:

Gentlemen: I wish to make public through your columns, and those of various other influential journals, a suggestion to the women of the Confederate South.

It is that a day be appointed, on which, at a certain hour, they, with one consent, shall unitedly beg for PEACE from Him in Whose hands are the hearts of men and the destinies of nations. Prayer is being made continually for the success of our arms in battle, and these prayers have been answered—in many instances beyond our hopes. Every prayer doubtless breathes an earnest petition for Peace, but it is suggested now that our faithful women shall unite to pray in an *especial manner* for it. That God would forgive our enemies and turn their hearts, and that He would forgive us *our* debts, and would *speedily deliver us from the evil hands of bloody men*.

Let Monday, the 1<sup>st</sup> day of December, be appointed, and on that day at 12 M., let the heart of every wife, mother, sister and daughter in every State of our Confederacy, go out in solemn, fervent prayer to God for PEACE.

In places and churches where female prayer meetings are usual, let the women

themselves order the matter. Where such meetings are not usual, or are considered unadvisable, or are impracticable, let every woman in her own house stop all work at the hour named—suspend the carding, and spinning, and knitting, and weaving, and sewing, and teaching, if for only one half hour, and let every woman's heart be lifted then in prayer for her country. Let the sick woman on her bed remember the day and hour—let the busy forego her business—and, I was going to say, let the gay suspend her gaiety, but I trust there are not many gay women in the South now. But let the young, and beautiful, and hopeful, equally with those who can lay no claim to such titles, think of the dead, and the dying, and the mangled—think of the broken hearted, the homeless and the destitute—think of the widows, and fatherless, and childless, of this awful war—and let every woman's heart be stirred to pray as with one voice on that day to God for help, and for PEACE—an honorable PEACE.

All papers friendly to this suggestion are requested to copy, that it may be as widely diffused as possible by the day above named.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], November 26, 1862, p. 2, c, 9

### The Recent Execution in Texas.

A week or two ago we gave a brief account of the troubles in Cook county, growing out of the discovery of a treasonable plot to surrender that portion of the State to Federal authority. Cook county is a border county, contiguous to the Indian territory, and is thickly inhabited, a great portion of the settlers being originally from Ohio and Indiana. It seems there was a secret organization formed, having signs, grips, and passwords. The members were sworn to secrecy, and those found worthy were entrusted with three degrees. The first degree bound the member to secrecy, and to avenge a brother member's blood. The second degree was confined to robbing, jayhawking, &c. The third contemplated the re-establishing of the old Union. By some means the whole plot was discovered, and created intense excitement. The Marshall (Texas) Republican says"

About seventy men were arrested, the most of them, as we understand low characters, with here and there a man of limited influence. About thirty-four of these were tried and executed, when the community was freshly excited by the intelligence that the son of the hotel keeper at Gainesville, (whose name we do not recollect,) had been waylaid and assassinated several miles from town. Col. Wm. C. Young and several others went out to get the body, but had not reached the spot when some one in ambush shot Young through the head, killing him instantly. Such was the exasperation caused by these assassinations that the community hung several others. The number executed in Cook county, at last accounts, reached forty-two, and two others were shot for attempting to make their escape. The extent of the plot was not known, but was not supposed to be very extensive. How could it be, when there are probably not a thousand Union men (if so many) in the whole State? It was traced, however to Grayson county. Some few arrests had been made at Sherman, and one man was condemned to be hung. Others, it was supposed, would be summarily dealt with. Altogether, it is a strange affair, that a body of men not numbering two hundred, should concoct a plan of this kind, inviting invasion when they were not living in a country which an invading foe would be likely to run the hazard of entering, and when they must have known that the discovery of their plans would be visited with condign punishment. We must infer that thieving and robbing was at the bottom of the affair.

Since writing the foregoing, it is rumored that several persons have been hung in Grayson county, and among them a Dr. Lively.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

The Conspiracy.—The Clarksville (Texas) Standard, of the 1<sup>st</sup> instant, says the plot lately developed in Cooke and Grayson has much more importance at a distance than at home. The association is said never to have comprised more than one man of any standing, being mostly made up of refugees and suspected persons. The head man was Leander Locke. The object of the association appears not to have been well defined, some thinking it was a peace association, and others saying that it was to evade conscription. At a meeting of some five or six hundred people in Sherman, it was determined by a vote to turn over the accused to the Confederate or State Courts. The whole association is west of Fannin county, except two or three in Fannin. The killing of Col. Wm. C. Young, and Jas. Dickson, by these scoundrels, was in consequence of their efforts to ferret out their plot; and their death is the occasion of deep regret in the whole community.—But the hanging of some forty or fifty conspirators, it is believed, has had a salutary effect, besides ridding the country of a class of men who owe a debt to the gallows independent of their treasonable designs. The Standard pays a handsome tribute to the memory of Col. Young, who stood high among the people of Texas. He had been United States Marshal for the Western District, and was Col. of a cavalry regiment at the commencement of the present war, and had been a Colonel in the Mexican War.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Speaking of the disgraceful surrender of Galveston, the Tyler Reporter says:

The press of other States are already denouncing the surrender of Galveston as another instance of incompetency, imbecility or cowardice. The heart sickens at the contemplation of our disgrace. But we do not despair—are not discouraged. Our people are brave, and will yet retrieve their lost honors. All they want is a leader. The country and the people are equal to the emergency, if they only have some one at the head of affairs able to direct them.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 3, 1862, p. 2, c. 7

#### Supplies for the Army in the Military Department.

For successful war, the clothing of an army is a consideration scarcely secondary to arming it. Men cannot fight barefooted on the frozen ground; and when the day's toil is over, they must have blankets to protect them from the wintry blast and enable them to enjoy the sweet repose of body so essential to health.

In the interest of humanity, therefore, and of the mighty stake which is involved in this struggle, we are more than pleased to note the success which has attended the labors of the chief Quartermaster, Maj. Mims, and his assistants and agents in this military department, to obtain supplies of shoes, clothing, blankets (or their equivalent) for the soldiers on duty within its bounds.

In two or three weeks the large army for whom it is incumbent upon them to make provision, will be made comparatively comfortable, and it is a note worthy fact, that the result will have been accomplished with what were considered the barren resources of the State of Mississippi.

We have within the limits of the State, the largest and most completely equipped tannery in the Confederacy, not to mention scores of others, capable of furnishing leather enough for the uses of the army. Shoes are made at the large factories, and by the numberless small contractors throughout the department, with leather tanned at home, in quantities sufficiently large to furnish within a short time enough for the present necessities of the troops; and this work, we are assured, will still be vigorously prosecuted.

An excellent quality of woollen[sic] hats is now being made at Jackson and Vicksburg, and the appointments of the factories are such as to make us state that they will furnish enough to meet the wants of the army.

In the article of blankets, the Messrs. Lemman are making fifty per day, and by the addition of machinery now being purchased, they will, in a short time, increase the number to two hundred per day. Active agents are employed canvassing the State for the purchase of blankets, comforts, carpets, &c., and if supplies continue to come in for a few weeks longer as at present, every soldier in the department will be supplied.

The clothing heretofore furnished has been manufactured almost entirely by Mississippi establishments. Three large factories now turn out 300 complete suits of warm, comfortable clothing per week; and the best of tents made from Mississippi osnabergs [sic], have been supplied to nearly all the troops.

Wagons, ambulances and harness sufficient almost for the entire army, are being manufactured and purchased, in the department.

In short, the necessities of this Department are being supplied, under its present efficient administration, with quartermasters stores, provided within its limits, amply for the uses of the army engaged in its defense. But to continue these supplies, the people must not forget that they should heartily co-operate with the officers of the government and afford them every facility within their power. A virtuous self-sacrifice and unremitting industry are demanded. We must deprive ourselves of home comforts, that the brave troops may be supplied with what they need. Their wants demand attention first. Every pound of wool—and yard of cloth—every raw-hide—should be taken care of, so that they can be appropriated to the uses of the army. If there are persons not able to contribute such articles, as a free-will offering to the common cause, they should dispose of them at a reasonable price to the government.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 3, 1862, p. 3, c. 3

#### An Appeal from the Ladies of Mississippi.

The following eloquent appeal is from a young lady, 17 years old. It is brimful of earnest patriotism, and must prove a stinging rebuke to those for whom it is especially intended, if it does not arouse them to action. We dare say it speaks the real sentiments of the noble women of our State:

["] Mississippians: We have hitherto remained silent during the course of the war. Our hearts have been with those in the field; our prayers have been raised for them; and our hands have labored for them. We were told to trust in the justness of our cause, the sagacity of our rulers, and the valiance of our soldiers. We have done so. But now, two years have nearly passed away, and the Northern hordes still steadily advance. They come over the dead bodies of those heroes who have opposed them, and who, like the Spartan band at Thermopylæ, have perished in the unequal conflict.



When we view these results, and consider that our army is composed of the best material an army ever contained, of men who are soldiers by nature as well as by art, and whose whole soul is in their cause, we can see but one way to account for failure, and that is, our armies have been reinforced too tardily; the men have, as it were, perished by handfuls [sic].

Mississippians! Another great crisis has arrived. The North is making giant efforts, and is at the same time lulling the energies of the South by the flattering hopes of "intervention." Can any be so blind as to catch at such a bait? We must expect to fight our battles single-handed, nor should a proud nation trust to foreign aid. The very hopes indulged of such an event, would effectually prevent it; for they would serve to relax our efforts, and what nation will aid a people too weak to aid themselves!

The North has formed its plans and is now making its preparations to possess itself of our entire State; let us not wait until our army is beaten before we arouse ourselves. Reinforcements should be sent now; let us look around and see from whence they can come.

Why are so many men, young and vigorous, allowed to fill offices which our maimed soldiers, who need some recompense at the hands of their country, or our old men, who are physically unable to become soldiers, could fill so efficiently? Why are so many men left in our cities, who, like vultures, feed on the vitals of the country, and can take the pay a poor soldier received for months of hard service, for a single pair of shoes, or a garment to clothe his shivering limbs? Such men, be it said to the honor of the country, are mostly foreigners; but shall this mercenary, refuse population of other countries, reap the hard-earned fruits of our native soldier's toil? It is inhuman that it should be so.

How many women are ready to fill these places, now occupied by hardy able bodied men, and for which their sex does not unfit them. The women of this age have reached a state of culture which no other age has seen.—Their moral and intellectual faculties are highly developed; and in a cause like this, in which their whole heart and soul is plunged, cannot their energies be made of some service to their country? Cannot they be the means of sending fresh recruits to the army, while they add their names in a halo of glory to those of our heroes on the page of history. Oh, it would be a glorious contrast to the part taken by the women of the French revolution, in which they sank even below the men in moral degradation, and formed the leaders of the vilest and most savage mobs.

Let all the strong and able men go to the war to fill the ranks; we who have sent our husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, can surely part with those who fill the side walks of our streets, and discuss with eloquent tongue, the skill of a General, the face of a lady, or the details of the last battle. Their gaze is insulting to us as we pass, and we feel like the lady of Nashville, who gathered up her skirt as she passed the Yankee ruffian, for fear of contamination. We appeal to the true sons of the gallant State to rally to her standard. Let the Northern armies who come to plunder and destroy, be scattered like the winter leaves. Let them be trampled in the dust of the State they would desecrate with their foul presence. Then will the daughters of the South like Miriam, rejoice with "timbrels and the dance," they will welcome home the brave warriors who have been their deliverers, and weep for those who have fallen, as martyrs to their country, and the dear price which for liberty they paid.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], December 3, 1862, p. 3, c. 6  
Especially Scribbled for the Chattanooga Rebel.

I Dodge the Demon "Conscript."

"Tell me ye winged winds  
That round my pathway roar—  
Know ye not some favored spot  
Where 'Dodgers doge no more?'  
The wild winds snickered in my face,  
And whispered hoarsely "nairy place!"  
Silversmith.

"Ye gods and little wiggletails!" What a race the undersigned has had of it! Here I am at length, oh gentle Chattanooga; run down like a stag at bay, out of breath, tattered in habiliment, generally demoralized and disorganized in *personnel*, and suddenly brought up standing in Chattanooga, after many moon's absence from the great literary world!

Here, somebody—hold the hat of J. H.; fetch the subscriber a flagon of *ardiente*, square yourselves all round for a long story; open your auriculars but close all your other vents—and listen to me.

Since I last martially appeared in the great arena of war, I have been deposed of my official position as a leader of the "hosts of Israel;" and having been dishonorably discharged from the army, have floated over the earth, an unpiloted waif upon the great surface of the revolution, and have consequently been incontinently jostled like a d\_\_\_n! (Which profane digression the reader will please omit when reading to a female audience.)

My adventures since that event have been transcendently sublime and exhilaratingly exciting. Disgusted with the "service," and the possibility of having to remain in it, in uncomfortably close companionship with a large musket, I journeyed homeward—only there to discover that "Morgan's men" had already been in the neighborhood of the paternal roof, and that Felicia Ann, (heretofore the idol of my idle existence,) had engaged herself to be married to three of them, and had jilted the undersigned on account of his advanced age and consequent inability to do "*familiarity duty*!"

Broken-hearted, I plunged into the "Partisan-Ranger,-Take-care-of-yourself-and-Sponge-on-your-neighbor cavalry," and, being mounted on a mule, soon learned to stampede on the approach of the enemy and to tell as whopping a lie, in a full gallop, as any of 'em. In a lover's anguish of despari, I endeavored to commit suicide, by throwing myself violently from my saddle in order to break all my legs but one, so that some beautiful maiden, with a superannuated but wealthy only father, should—

"Take me up tenderly,  
Nurse me up slenderly."

and marry me for love—or, rather, because I belonged to the gizzard-footed and cucumber-shinned dragoons.

I succeeded in falling off my mule, but being exceedingly drunk at the time, sustained no serious damage, except a twenty-four hours limited furlough to the guardhouse, from which I effected my escape, and in conjunction with my old friend, the Hon. Mr. Kwort Keg, proceeded rapidly to the far-away South to avoid being confiscated by the advancing Federal authorities as condemned government plunder.

Stopped at Murfreesboro' *en route*. Put up at the "Bull-beef Retreat," where, at the table, heard Gerry Pearl, of the Antilles, tell a diabolical "Goat Story," which by the way, the ladies should demand of him to repeat, for it caused the undersigned to choke himself with laughter and piece of beef-grizzle in attempting to swallow about the climax of the story, and which unfortunate accident caused the violent ejection of Keg and self from the midst of the company

by repeated applications of bootleather. Keg, more than myself, regretted the suddenness of our removal at a moment so inopportune and out of tune—from the fact that he had but just passed up his plate for "a leetle more of that galled ox" evidently determining to eat himself as full as a swelled frog, because of the one dollar tariff at the door.

We concluded to resume our travels.—Crowding into a box car, full of sick soldiers, we moaned as loud as the balance of them, and in that way worked our passage for nothing. Passing Tullahoma, both of us were recognized by Gen. Bragg, Governor Harris and Gen. Cheatham, an others in authority, who simultaneously waved us constant welcomes with their hats off, and shouted to us as we passed (much to our mortification) *that Conscript officers were thick along the line*

"as leaves in Valambrosia."

"Look out happy—they'll get you," shouted General C.

"Take care of your head, Keg, they'll tag *you* sure," shouted Governor H.

"You'd better swallow yourselves, you old rips," fairly screamed General B., in a fit of uncontrollable laughter—and the jolly trio moved off arm in arm to their apartments, while Keg and the subscriber were "whistled down the road" at the velocity of two miles an hour, and left to our own moody reflections as how we should escape this confounded "conscript" arrangement—a dilemma I must confess, that we little anticipated when we first started.

However, we managed successfully to dodge the shoals until we got to Georgia—the entire population of which delectable Empire, having organized themselves into an army of enrolling officers, the better, I presume, to avoid going to war themselves. We changed cars and took the down train South. Horror of horrible horrors, we had no sooner done that thing when I saw one of these fellows approaching us. Immediately, with the vague hope of a drowning rat trying to use a straw or a life preserver, thought of Brown of Georgia. Oh! Gurbenatorial Phenomenon, I mentally exclaimed "where art thou now?" It was a dark night, but the carriage lamp revealed us to the enrolling demon, and I saw that his lynx eye fell upon the unfortunate Keg and myself.

"Approach then take the r-r-rugged  
R-r-russian Bear—"

I spouted in an almost inarticulate whisper—

"Take any shape but that of a cruel Georgian  
And my firm legs will never  
Weaken!"

But my mind was made up in an instant. I slipped out the door and climbed to the top of the carriage, where I succeeded in getting my hat knocked into a six cornered [fold in paper] by a bridge beam as we dashed beneath it. I lay at full length along the roof of the car and peeped over. Keg had made a ridiculous failure in *his* attempt to follow me out the door—was caught by the coat collar as he was in the act of effecting his exit, and he and the man of enrollment were engaged in a spirited harangue outside, in which I overheard my friend remark in a piteous tone, that "he did recon he was nigh about the best scribe you ever seed." The incorrigible trickster! He was trying as a last resort, to negotiate for the position of Secretary to the conscription office, by way of a compromise. But it was no go. His name *must* go down. Frantic with despair, Keg jerked the bell rope fiercely. The train stopped so suddenly that the *bore conscriptor*, in the act encompassing my friend in his coils, was just then precipitated violently across the platform. Keg, who had taken the precaution to hold tight when the "stop" came, mounted the cars beside me and we rode in safety [until?] we dismounted at Atlanta and dived into the darkest of alleys.

Here we procured each of us the garments of a female and [fold in paper] ourselves in the inconvenient habiliments of the sex, and proceeded, with a grace, undulating swing to peregrinate the thoroughfares in defiance of the conscript, and without "benefit of the clergy."

It is needless to pursue this part of the adventure farther. The reader can readily imagine the forlorn condition of two lone females in a burg as fast as Atlanta and so full as that burg was at that time with soldiers, who, from their devoted attentions and repeated importunities to "treats," proved conclusively that they must have procured their sick furloughs for the express purpose of displaying their gallantry to the ladies.—The disguises, however, might have succeeded admirably, had it not have been for the Hon. Kwort Keg, who, unmindful of the absence of his unmentionable [fold in paper] Mike Paddy Miles in the play, endeavored [fold] draw a plug of tobacco from his breeches [fold] cket in the street, resulting in a grand [fold] of this tragic chapter, and a tableau [fold] the public as uninteresting as it was ridiculous and *mal apropos*. The officers, too, [fold] wind of it, nearly took the wind out of our sails, in a long chase after us, over [fold] ties from Atlanta to this point, where we have succeeded in domiciling ourselves in a place of concealment—and where we intend to remain until the day after tomorrow night, or until driven from our position, compelled, like the military *savans* of the North: "to change our base of operation."

As every, I remain, however, Oh! Conscript Fathers, Your true friend, but artful Dodger,  
Jo. Happy.

Lookout Mountain, Nov. 1862

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], March 11, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

The ladies of Carrolton, Alabama, at a recent prayer-meeting resolved to set apart a half-hour of the first Monday in each month, for special prayer for peace.

WEEKLY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], March 11, 1863, p. 3, c. 5

From Middle Tennessee.

An army correspondent of the Chattanooga Rebel writes as follows:

Our army is again in a good fighting trim, and the ranks rapidly filling up by the influx of absentees. I suppose it is better clothed, equipped and fed than ever before. The country is bountifully supplied with game, but the boys are forbidden to shoot, for fear of hitting some General's aid. These sweet-smelling, kid-glove, bandboxy, tea-cakey, ottar of rose exquisites are as plentiful as gnats around a vinegar jug. But you must not construe my expression as any reflection upon the usefulness of this necessary appendage of our Gipsy [sic] life. It is true they dangle a dress sword gracefully, run handsome horses in dashing style, and smile most daintily at the ladies, yet it is no less true, they can tell the ragged, weather beaten fellow that foots it with his gun and heavy knapsack, exactly what he ought to be.—You can thus very readily appreciate the field and scope of their usefulness, and the necessity of taking every precaution to protect them from the weather and disagreeable inconvenience of camp life, and to guard against the rudeness of bringing them in contact with unmannerly soldiers, and everything calculated to grate harshly upon their tender sensibilities.

I have conversed with several intelligent and creditable gentlemen from Williamson county in the last few days, and they bring melancholy tidings of the fate of her gallant people. The country is being desolated.—The abolitionists are burning and destroying houses razing

fences, stealing horses, shooting cattle and hauling off all the provision in the country, not even leaving many families meat or bread enough for a single meal. They have broken up the wagons, hoes, and plows, destroyed the harness and every thing that can be employed in cultivating the earth. The officers boldly proclaim that the people shall not raise another crop.—Citizens are robbed of their money, and their houses pillaged of every article of wearing apparel, and bed clothing, and their furniture and table ware broken and ruined by heartless scoundrels. I was informed of three instances of my acquaintance, of fair, modest, virtuous young women, being ruthlessly violated by the hellish ruffians. These are not pictures woven by fancy, nor the creation of vague rumors, but facts attested by authorities that cannot be questioned. If retributive justice is no myth of fancy, it surely is time now for an exhibition of its power. When the men of the country are torn from their homes to fight for the Government, that Government should take some retaliatory steps to protect their helpless families from the hands of the incendiary and the ravisher.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 2, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

To the Ladies.

We are offering to pay the heavy price of eight cents a pound for white rags, delivered at this office, as will be seen by reference to a special notice in another column. If every housekeeper would keep a rag bag wherein to preserve the "scraps," an immense benefit would secure to the country. The rag bag should become an institution in every household. Paper, for Government printing, business and private purposes, is not only in great demand, but bears an exorbitant price. Nothing would tend more to increase its quantity and cheapen its price than the general institution of the rag bag. Let every scrap of cloth, rope and thread, refuse cotton, and all waste material of which either cotton, flax, or hemp forms the fibre [sic], be diligently saved, so that the material may be sold to the paper mills, and paper will become abundant and be furnished at reduced rates. Let the rag bag, then, be the order of the day.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 2, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

A Mechanics Society has been formed in Columbus, Ga., to purchase provisions and produce of all kinds, and sell the same to stockholders or soldiers families, at prices that will cover cost. A large fund has been raised, and the affairs of the society will be conducted by responsible business men.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 2, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

The Eagle Mills of Columbus, Ga., last week, donated 500 yards sheeting and 400 yards cassimere, to the Soldier's Relief Society of Ringgold. Estimating the sheeting at 80 cents per yard, and the cassimere at \$4 50, (a fair valuation) the amount donated is \$2,200. The people of Columbus never do anything by halves.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 2, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

We learn from the Raleigh Progress that another female riot took place in Salisbury, N. C. on the 18<sup>th</sup> ult. The women concerned in it compelled the merchants to share with them their stock of flour, and also robbed several families of the stock laid up for home use. Salt, snuff and molasses were also taken by the mob.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 2, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

Report of Soldiers' Lunch House, during  
the Month of March, 1863.

We have fed in this month, two thousand one hundred and seventy-six (2176) traveling soldiers. Lodged one thousand three hundred and ten (1310) and cooked Government rations, to be carried away for seven hundred and eighty-three (783) men. Whole account of contributions (\$2250)—Expenses \$670.

The following is a list of contributions during the month: [list]

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 2, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Letter from the West.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Judge Tucker for the use of the following clever letter which was intended for his paper:

En Route to Arkansas, }  
March 23d, 1863. }

Dear Judge: We are now on board the good steamer "Twilight," shoving our way through the water, wind and rain up the Ouachita (is that the way to spell it?) river. It seems several weeks ago since the officer, soldiers, wagons, horses, mules and deadheads belonging to General Price's headquarters left Jackson, on their way to the trans-Mississippi department. Many of us (the soldiers I mean, not the mules or deadheads,) left with feelings of much regret, for during our stay in Jackson our lines had fallen to us in pleasant places; kind friends had shown unto us those hospitalities which are appreciated by none so highly as the soldier, and associations of the most pleasant nature had been formed—and these had to be severed. But the command was given, we were compelled to leave, and there was no help for it. Just before leaving some five or six of us went down the street to procure something stronger than water in which to toast the health and happiness of our fair acquaintances in and around Jackson, but the "shebang" being closed we failed in our endeavors. We knew not what to do, when just then a contraband came along with pies for sale. The relief so opportunely offered was accepted, and instead of *drinking a toast* we each *ate a whole pie* to the happiness of the fair ones aforesaid. This was the best would could do, and it showed at least a will if not a way.

And O, what roads we had on that road from Jackson to Natchez! Some correspondents would attempt to tell you what sort of a country we came through; I remember nothing about it except that it was *mud* all the way until within twenty-five or thirty miles of Natchez, and the reason the mud failed then was that there was not enough dirt in those sand hills, for ten miles along, to make a respectable mud hole, no matter how well mixed.

Our first day out from your city was principally spent in trying to find the road, which for several days back had been lost in the mud. We found several roads, but each of them ran either up a tree, or into a swamp impenetrable to anything but bullfrogs and water moccasins, or over the bank of a creek ten feet high (the bank, I mean.) At last we sent out scouts on horses and deployed the infantry (*pars magna fui*) on stilts to find a road, and at last *the* road was found. After much fussing and cussing the teams were all put into it, and just as we had got fairly started and were congratulating ourselves at finding any road at all in such a country, we were brought

to a full stop by finding that a bridge across some big creek had most unmercifully smashed all to pieces by a big tree falling across it. Well, we didn't exactly contract for such work, but we did the only thing plausible in the dilemma, which was to set to work and make a new one. So Hinds county can put herself down as debtor to us for one new bridge, which I am very certain did not last long enough to get old. While we were at work on this concern, a friend of mine was the perpetrator, of a most horrible conundrum. "L," said he, "what's the difference between this road and the McAdamized roads of St. Louis county?" L. immediately commenced enumerating a good many very perceptible contrasts between the two roads. "The peculiar difference," said he, "is, that in the one case you *rode* over a *bridge*, while here you *bridge* over a *road*!!!" The uncertainty of justice these war times was all that saved him from instant arrest.

But at last, in spite of mud, and sand, and broken-down wagons, and lame mules, and sore back horses, and *dead heads* (worst and most intolerable evil of all) we arrived before sun up one Saturday morning, at the beautiful and hospitable city of Natchez. Hospitable I say, for so it most truly appeared to us. We remained there, many of us, until the next Sunday afternoon, and during that time all that the kindness and attention of the soldier's best earthly friend, the ladies, could do to make the time pass pleasantly, was most cheerfully done; and though we came there as strangers, yet we found many friends, and every house whose portals we entered proved a home to us.

In the afternoon "Hickman's Missouri Cornet Band" discussed some of their soul stirring music to a "large and appreciative audience" assembled at the promenade on the bluff. Such an assemblage of beauty was there as your correspondent has not before seen since entering upon his career as a rebel. And there were so many of them, the whole city seemed to have sent forth its fair ones. Imagine my surprise, then, when I was told by a very charming young lady, after having bestowed compliments upon the performance of the band, which would have made the ears of Capt. Hickman tingle, had he heard them, that she regretted very much that there were "so few ladies out; had it only have been generally known that Gen. Price's band had been going to play at that time, quite a number of ladies would have been present!" Natchez must be rich in regard to ladies (and what greater treasure can a *Southern* city have?) as are the heavens above us of the starry jewels of the night. How we regretted it when the time came for us to leave! I can only wonder that we got away at all! Many a poor fellow amongst us has left his heart back there; he didn't intend to, but, in truth, he couldn't help himself. "Yours ever" in all probability, would have been in the same fix, had he not been in the condition of the Irishman who was asked if he had not lost his hat—"the devil a one had I to loose."

Natchez! we will ever remember thee. Refreshing oasis in the weary desert of our solider life, even now our brief stay among thy hospitable people seems but the ideal pleasure of a dream. Thy sunny smiles, and beauty, and music, and sweet flowers are embalmed in memory; and when it is our good fortune to return to our homes, we shall tell among the pleasant incidents of our soldier life the times we spent in Natchez. Many blessings and much prosperity be upon thy good people! And now, good bye to the ladies, and all the pleasures attendant upon their society. War is ahead of us, with all of its stern realities; and its concomitants, long marches, short rations and weary days and sleepless nights, and sore feet and tired and aching bones, and hills where there are nine rocks to one dirt, and heavy streams, like White river, to ford sixteen times in one day, and *Arkansas*. That last word is significant enough to one who was there with us one year ago.

We camped for some time on the banks of the Tensas river, about twenty five miles north west of Natchez, waiting to see if a boat wouldn't come along and take us before the high water

would. Fortunately the boat got to us just in time to save us from the river. While in camp we had a fine time riding in boats, fishing, bathing, trying to catch musquotoes [sic], and killing alligators. The last named were plentiful in the bayous around us, and all one had to do to kill them was to hit them in the right place; a thing which, like putting salt on a bird's tail, was quite easily done.

Speaking of musquitoses [sic] reminds me that they are "purrry tol'ble thick" down on the Tensas, even at this time of the year. I was sitting one evening about dark in front of my tent, making propellers of my arms in my efforts to protect myself from the attacks of the blood thirsty insects of the tent, when an aged contraband came along, and I questioned him thus: "Uncle, musquitoses [sic] are awful plenty down here with you, aint they?" With a look of intelligence which was indicative of a full knowledge of the subject under discussion, he replied—"Well, massa, dey aint many ov 'em 'round here 'jis now, but wait *about a month or two and den we'll show you what skeeters is!*" It is necessary for me to say that I hadn't time to wait, and that I was willing to take his word for it!

I never hear of the extortion practiced upon the unoffending public by these steamboat captains. Why is this? Is any one so simple as to think they are not guilty. Let me tell an incident or two, which I "do know." The steamer Dr. Batey, lying at Trinity, and doing nothing except receiving pay from the government, asked the Captain of Gen. Price's escort six hundred dollars to take his company twenty miles up the river to Hansborough; and passengers on the boat are paying twenty-five dollars to go to Monroe, a distance of one hundred and seventy-five miles, and this, too, with the poorest of fare, and no bars to keep the musquitoses [sic] (I suppose they call them so, but they are nearer the size of a sand-hill crane) from eating you up. We were in Mississippi for nearly a year, and heard and knew much of extortion while there, but I think one's knowledge on the subject is incomplete until he shall have traveled on one of these Southwestern steamboats. But I must say that we have found the officers of the "Twilight" to be clever and accommodating gentlemen.

Do you wish to have the news from this side of the river? Well, Judge, I wish from my heart I could tell it to you. But just now we are as destitute of news as a Mississippi Jew of that commodity yclept conscience. All we know is that Gen. Price has gone on ahead of us to Little Rock. Gen. Hindman is said to have been on a boat which we met to-day, going down the river.

All accounts which we have of our army in Arkansas represent it in a bad condition. There has been sad mismanagement somewhere, and it will require all the popularity, energy and military talent of Gen. Price to bring order out of the existing confusion. All with whom I have conversed seem to believe that he is the man for the task before him. It will take some time to reorganize the army, and then look out, for *somebody* will be sure to get hurt! We'll be in for anything from a fight to a foot-race.

We hope to see, once in a while, the familiar face of the "Crisis" when we are on our way to Missouri. *Au revoir.*

Lon.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 2, 1863, p. 2, c. 4

"Way-Side Home for Soldiers" at Union Point.

We hear of this, that and the other place, Mr. Editor, where the cannon roars and reverberates, and small arms flash defiance in the faces of the gory savages who seek, like



natural blood-hounds, to slake their thirst by lapping the red current of life that rises higher and higher as the murderers go deeper in to the heart of our youthful but already glorious Confederacy. It is my pleasing duty to speak of a place where a federal foe has never yet polluted the soil, except as a prisoner of war. It is Union Point. It stands, nearly equi-distant from Augusta and Atlanta, on the Georgia Railroad, about 85 miles from either. It is an humble place, and has but one sign, I think, in it, (i. e.) "*Wayside house for our sick and wounded soldiers.*" Since the war commenced, the dear daughters of the South, clothed in humility and actuated by the spirit that burnt in the bosom of a persecuted Gallilean nearly two thousand years ago, have bound up the wounds and bent over the prostrate forms of "*our sick and wounded soldiers.*"

The iron limbs of the locomotive may tire, but the hearts and minds of these Georgia women shall never fail. They do more than the sign signifies,—they feed all who pass that way, and only ask you to register your name. Wine, cordial and cold water carried to those who cannot go to the table; and nourishing and good food placed before the hungry soldiery, who are urged to "eat and welcome." They often send out limping and sick soldiers to encourage "the boys" to "come in and eat" for fear they may feel backward about it. For my part, Mr. Editor, I must acknowledge a little weakness. I can bear a load of darkness that would crush a Chinese [sic] grampus, I can face a field full of *good Southern* people who charge upon the trains with baskets of biscuit, and two bits a piece, and sometimes I strengthen my natural inclination to piety by cursing the soulless wretches who have given up the Confederacy and gone to money-making; but when I came upon "Union Point," and began to breathe the atmosphere of Heaven-born patriotism and purity, completely broken down and "cried like a child."

These ladies are the pride of all Confederate soldiers, who look upon the "Wayside Home." Eager for war news, they try to look into the future to foretell the end of the war. They know all the great Generals of our invincible armies; told me I would be sure to be pleased with General Pemberton; that his management of affairs in Georgia and South Carolina had won the confidence of the Chief Magistrate, and caused his promotion; and when I asked them if they had ever heard of the great "Citizen Warrior," a score of musical voices pronounced the name of Sterling Price in the tone and manner with which children speak of a father.

If ever a majestic column shall be raised to commemorate the virtues and untiring patriotism of Southern women, sink its base in the hills of the "Wayside House." Let it "rise till it meet the sun in his coming, and let the last rays of departing day linger and play upon its summit."

A Missourian.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 2, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

The "Mississippi Springs," situated some four miles from this place, have been, like all things else, strangely metamorphosed within the last year or two. For nearly a quarter of a century the place was one of the most fashionable resorts for pleasure seekers in the southwest. It often boasted of hundreds of visitors, consisting of the most fashionable and prominent personages of the south. Its balls and parties, dinners and suppers, were of transcendent magnificent, and to the young and fashionable furnished food for conversation and dreams from season to season. But all things change in time—and especially is this the day of extraordinary change. A year or two since, the Springs, from its former high estimate, became an *Infirmiry*, under the charge of our skillful friend, Dr. Holmes; then for a few months, it flung to the breeze

the yellow flag, having been converted into a Confederate hospital. And now, under the proprietorship of our indefatigable friend, Capt. Inman Williams, of Cooper's Wells, it has quietly settled down as the seat of a *Steam Saw and Grist Mill*. Lumber will now be made there, and corn will there now speedily be converted into meal for the subsistence of men. How great the change.—Raymond Gazette.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 5, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

#### The Crisis.

This paper has been discontinued. The proprietors of the *Mississippian* having become its publishers previous to its suspension, are responsible to its patrons for their subscriptions to it. In all cases, where direction is not given to the contrary, the advance payments for subscription to the *Crisis* will be credited on the books of the *Daily Mississippian*; and the latter paper continued. Persons ordering the *Crisis*, under the impression that it is still published, will be furnished with the *Daily Mississippian*, until further orders from the parties.

Persons having ordered the *Crisis* either before or since its discontinuance, can have the money returned if not satisfied with the above arrangement.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

#### Woman's Mission and Ministrations.

There is no country in the civilized world where quite the same devotion is paid to woman as in our own sunny domain. There is no land where woman, occupying in society her own appropriate place, deserves and receives a more unqualified homage, or exerts a more general and potent influence. Our present struggle for civil liberty and the heroism of Southern women were not necessary to our high appreciation of the sex. We were taught to love and to honor glorious womanhood as one of the attributes, and one of the evidences of true nobility in man. But never did woman furnish such illustrious proofs of worth, goodness and greatness, to demonstrate how much she merited our devotion, as in this glorious struggle for home and country the women of the South have shown!

As if to inspire us with a new creation of virtue—as if to exhibit new phases of loveliness—to enthrone the sex in the holy places of our affections—to impress the public mind with a new sense of their worth—to exhibit to the world the highest attributes of character—to cheer the brave—to soothe the sick—to minister to the wounded—to endure labor—to incur danger—to despise ease and luxury—to make unwonted sacrifices—to surrender, at the altar of liberty, those dearer than life—still to utter the words sacred to patriotism, "let us defend the country, or perish!"—to ply all human agencies, and to call on God for help—to astonish our enemies, and interest the gazing world with a devotion as holy, a courage as sublime, as ever marked the great characters of history, the women of the South have gone forth to cheer, to save, to comfort, and to bless!

It is not affirming more than simple truth to say, without their aid, our struggle could not have been maintained! Their influence and their ministrations have saved the country! By their efforts, in large part, the troops have been clothed and warmed. They have blessed the sick, and restored the sinking in the hospitals. They have nerved the arm and inspired the courage of the

soldier in the shock of battle. For them, we feel, we are enacting the deeds of glorious manhood. To them the dust-stained, toil-worn veteran looks for the laurel wreath when the battle is won. To the sanctity of home, and the purity of the domestic circle, the patriot looks for the safety, glory and strength of his country. With the help of God, they must save the country, if it is saved; they must purify it, if it is pure; they must elevate the standard of virtue; they must frown vice into the hidden recesses of its own shame; they must banish the extortioner, or mark him for infamy; they must, and they will improve and bless the world. They are heaven's messengers. Ever true, kind, merciful, pitying, sympathizing women! Last to leave the victim on the cross; first at the tomb of the risen God-man; last to give over the offices of compassion and mercy; first to crown triumphant virtue, and to hail the conquering heroes who drew the sword for truth. Next to our worship and our supreme reverence for God, is our worship and our devotion for noble, self-sacrificing woman!

With the aid of such a power, and God's approval, we shall triumph gloriously, and our country shall yet be free as the eagle that cleaves the sky. These reflections have been suggested by reading the proceedings of a convention of some of the matrons of Mississippi, held at Meridian on the 4<sup>th</sup> of March, 1863, to organize a "Confederate soldiers' Aid Society," for the better accomplishment of the objects suggested by the style of the association. They army will bless these ladies, and all those associated with them; and the country will record their names, and preserve their memory, as among the treasurers of its inheritance.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Poetical Direction.—A letter bearing the following direction reached the post office of our neighboring village of Clinton, where it was copied, and the letter bearing it again started for its proper destination in Louisiana:

Go wing thy flight where e'er thou may,  
I'd have thee do so, without delay,  
Yet stay; go not too far, I'd have thee stop,  
And in the Clinton Post Office drop.  
But of Clintons there are many,  
To stop at Clinton, Louisiana.  
Tell the P.M. to keep you in his stalls,  
Until for you Miss Sallie Ripley calls.  
Go straight ahead—don't be delayed,  
For don't you see you're postage paid?  
If on the road you should be left,  
I'll make complaint to "Uncle Jeff."

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

Tableaux, Charades, and  
Concert!

On the evenings of the 15<sup>th</sup> and 16<sup>th</sup> instant, the Ladies of Canton propose giving an entertainment for the purpose of establishing a Lunch House, for invalid soldiers, in the Hospitals at Canton. The entertainment consisting of Tableaux, Charades, and a Concert. Tickets can be procured at Morey's Drug Store, and at the drug stores in Canton. Captain T. S.

Williams has kindly consented to furnish a special train for the accommodation of those wishing to return to Jackson the same evening.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 7, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Summary: Letter on the burning and evacuation of Pensacola

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 8, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

### Immorality in Richmond.

The Richmond correspondent of the Knoxville Register says:

The evils incident to revolution are in this city developed in their worst aspect. Citizens of Richmond are not affected by them, but the crowds which congregate in the Capital, of both sexes, give abundant evidence of the rapid progress of social demoralization growing out of the unhappy condition of our country. I cannot say more, without saying too much, and can give you no adequate conception of the looseness of morals that is becoming prevalent among those whose necessities open the gateway to all vices. Gambling, such as would startle *habitués* of European watering places, is not the worst of the moral calamities that has befallen Richmond.

Not only do the Faro banks attract "despositors" [sic] from civil and military classes of society, but men who stand high, at least officially, above Congressmen and Major Generals, nightly resort to the magnificent gambling hells of Richmond. I have visited such establishments in Eastern and Southern cities, but have entered none in which the spirit of utter recklessness was so strongly betrayed as in those of this city. The vice of gaming contracted in the army over an "innocent game of old sledge," becomes the absorbing passion of the gamester in the Faro banks of Richmond. The hope of sudden wealth, the insatiable love of excitement, the desperation resulting from the loss of fortune by the calamities of war, and the absence of those which wives and children throw about men, have all combined to fill this city with reckless gamblers.

Women from all the States and cities of the South visit Richmond. They would reach the army, and often find it impossible. They have not anticipated the vastness of the expenditures to which they would be subjected. Their very necessities suggest a course of conduct which it is needless to portray. Penniless, helpless, unadvised, unrestrained by the presence of those to whom they are known, they resort to means of securing assistance of which at home they would never have dreamed. Religion is a stranger among the floating population of Richmond. Sunday, in this city, is the day of high carnival for all vices. Patriotism might well weep when beholding this aspect of the moral condition of the Capital of the Confederacy.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 8, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Another Feminine Raid.—The Macon (Ga.) Confederate says that last Tuesday a crowd of women, some of them armed with revolvers and bowie-knives, entered the store of Rosenwald & Bro., on Triangular block, and took forcible possession of several pieces of calico. The proprietor demurred to this *seizure*, and rushed upon the woman who had the bowie-knife, and took it from her—also re-captured two bolts of calico in the possession of the invaders. The scene was quite exciting while it was in progress—but the women shortly dispersed and the usual quiet of the neighborhood prevailed.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 9, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Paper Mill Burnt.—The Bath paper mill, six miles from Augusta, Ga., was destroyed by fire on the 2d inst. This is a severe loss, and in the present scarcity of paper will most seriously interfere with the publication of the journals that are dependent on the Mill for a supply of paper.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 9, 1863, p. 1, c. 7

Just Received,  
at  
The Misses Hays,

2,000 Yards Good Bleached Domestic'  
1,500 do assorted Calico Prints;  
Brown Domestic—Canton Flannel;  
Ginghams and Brilliantes;  
Kid Gloves, Hosiery, &c., &c.  
ap9

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 11, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

The Jackson Lunch House.

The institution of a place in Jackson where the soldier, weary with travel and needing a temporary supply of food, may, without charge or inconvenience, be served with a substantial repast, is due to the kindness and thoughtful care of the noble matrons of Mississippi. Every one at all familiar with the exigencies of military movements must know that troops often suffer from want of food in the progress of transportation. An accident on the railroad, or inadequate transportation, often crowd troops together at a point unprovided with supplies of food. And then, the convalescent returning to his command, or the paroled prisoner of war, are frequently compelled to lie over at the depot awaiting transportation. Such establishments ought to be founded at all the principal points of travel for the exclusive benefit of the soldier, who will thus be made to feel that he is kindly remembered.

We have before us a letter from a lady of distinguished social position, intelligence and wealth, in relation to the soldier's Lunch house in Jackson. Our lady friend is pleased to speak in terms of high eulogy of the efficient services of Mrs. Knapp, of this city; of the liberality of Maj. Mims; of the courtesy of the Mississippian, in the publication of notices; and of the enlightened liberality of the ladies of Jackson and its vicinity. This is most praiseworthy and commendable in all the parties referred to. Let the lunch-house be kept well supplied. This is one of the many evidences of the patriotism and worth of Southern ladies.

T.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

About Home Matters.  
Jackson—Its Public Streets—The Negroes,  
Bond and Free—Nuisances—a Suggestion.

To Editor Mississippian: Jackson, like all other cities, has its public and private evils, that require the waters of purification, the hand of correction, and the pruning hook of reformation. While there are portions of this, the Metropolis of our State, evincing the presence of refined and elegant taste, homes of neatness and of comfort surrounded with the silent evidence of intelligent cultivation, "shrubberies that Shenstone might have envied," and—

"Flowers rich in hue, and many of their class;"

while her citizens are courteous, and upon all occasions evince a proper and strongly developed local pride, yet he whose business or pleasure calls him at any hour of the day along either of the two great thoroughfares leading from the Capitol to the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad Depot, must, if a Mississippian, blush for shame of the chief city of his proud State, and if a stranger, pity and execrate the miserable meanness of the authorities of a really pleasant city, who quietly permit these two streets to remain in a condition not only next to impassable, but dangerous to the existence of any thing on wheels, and imminently threatening the safety of the necks of those who attempt to pass through them in any vehicle.

We have seen, the public have seen, every body has seen, poor, badly conditioned horses, oxen and mules, vainly laboring under the ruthless lash of unfeeling drivers, to pass through the almost "bottomless pits" that abound at the lower end of these streets. We have seen these animals, and even fine young horses, fall down utterly exhausted, in the vain attempt to pass these "Stygian pools, these "Sloughs of Despond." We have seen them lying prone bleeding at the nose, and we believe rendered comparatively useless ever after by their struggles and throes through the deep mud and mire of these streets. And while our feelings for the poor dumb servants of ungrateful man were keenly aroused, these uncomplaining creatures, ever ready to do his bidding, and lashed even in their attempt to do it, we have been greeted by the smiling face of some respectable "city father," who quietly looked on, seeming even to enjoy the disgusting scene; while, at the same time, our ears were saluted with *deserved* slurs from stranger lips on "Mississippi and Mississippians," and the want of public spirit in Jackson, a city that permits the existence of a nuisance which the meanest little Mugginsville in their own State would not tolerate for a day. These things are unpleasant and humiliating, but they are sadly too true, and if the caustic of public opinion will not burn out the lethargy that allows this state of things to remain, and demand from the authorities the application of the city funds to city improvements, Jackson will become a byword and reproach to every man, woman and child that live in it.

State and city pride, wisdom, respectability, safety of the life and limbs of those who ride, *humanity*, ALL demand that the disgraceful condition of these two streets be improved, and the highway made passable. If these influences are impotent with the city "powers that be," for *God's* sake let the improvement be made; and if our respected city fathers are a *Godless* set, then let them be compelled to drive in weak springed hacks three times a day from the capitol to the Confederate House and back. If they don't *act*, after that experiment, "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone"—elect new men who *will* do their duty.

"The negroes have taken Jackson—horse, foot, and dragoons," was remarked by a friend of our[s] as we walked along one of the fashionable promenades of Jackson a day or two ago. He was a South Carolinian, accustomed to the respectful deportment and subordination of the slave population of that excellent State. His remark was elicited by a group of well dressed

negroes, who, arm in arm, were striding along the pavement, smoking cigars, talking and swearing, loud and deep, and perfectly oblivious of the proximity of Caucasian blood. Several times during our walk we saw those civilized descendants of Ham mimicing [sic] the air of foppish whites, and carelessly indifferent to the presence of any but "colored gemmen." Indeed no man can be in Jackson twenty-four hours without censuring the insolence of our negro population. Everybody remarks it. Servants swell along our streets, giving the sidewalk to no one, hardly touching the hat when addressed, and scarcely yielding the way even to ladies. It is becoming as great a nuisance as any of the city has to endure, and if not corrected will lead to the demoralization of the slave himself, and call out from the white man the exercise of that personal chastisement always to be deprecated. The best servants are those kept under proper restraint. Remove that restraint and leave the negro to himself and he becomes a nuisance, and it would redound as much to the well being of the slave as to the good of the city to not only prescribe a line of conduct for him at home and abroad, but to designate a style of dress suited to his condition. Jackson should learn a lesson on this head from her ancient and honorable sister, Charleston, of South Carolina. The streets and the negroes—these two, let them be corrected.

Observer.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 15, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

"The Pretty Rebel."—We have had the pleasure of a hasty perusal, in manuscript, of a play, in three acts, bearing the above title, by the talented author of "Roscoe, the Hermit," "Retribution," etc. The composition is chaste, the sentiment is eminently patriotic, the plot admirably adapted to the exciting scenes which surround us in our struggle for liberty. In a future number we shall perhaps essay a more extended notice of this literary effort. We are glad that we have in our Confederacy promising gems of dramatic genius which, with proper care cultivation and encouragement, bid fair to yield substantial fruit.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 16, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

From Texas.—We learn from Gen. Pearce, who has just arrived here, that Fox Hart (nephew of Martin D. Hart, who was hung at Fort Smith), with thirty of his men, have been captured near Greenville, Hunt county. The refugees were found in the Journigan Thicket, from whence they had sent out some negroes, which they had stolen in Arkansas, on a foraging expedition, and were captured; and after the negroes were whipped, they gave information of the hiding place of Hart and party. Two boxes of Enfield rifles were also captured, and a large quantity of ammunition. Fox Hart was shot, and the remainder of this notorious party were sent to Little Rock, where we hope they will receive that justice due deserters and traitors to their country.—Austin Gazette.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 19, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Peanuts.—No one who raised peanuts last year will deny that they return more profit for less labor than any other crop that can be produced. Let there be plenty of them next year. Almost every person is fond of them, and their sale is a sure thing. We have seen soldiers fill their haversacks to their utmost capacity with peanuts at forty cents a quart. They are very nutritious and nobody has ever been known to get sick from eating two [sic] many "goobers."—Let every farmer have a patch.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 21, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

## Let Us Provide for the Poor.

Editor Mississippian.—What is our duty toward the poor and dependent families of the poor men of our country in the army? Let every man who reads this question, propound it to himself and to his neighbors.—Let all seriously and carefully reflect upon it and then do what duty and a clear conscience tells them. If they will do this there will be but little suffering in our land, while any are able to help. Remember that amidst sickness, hunger, famine, sorrow and death at home, the poor soldier is standing or dying in battle far away. The present and future of that poor soldier is one of deepest gloom, while the condition of his family at home is truly sad and horrifying. He is fighting and making all the sacrifices possible for him to make for our liberties, our homes and our property. He is making common cause with and for the rich, comfortable and poor.—Should not the rich, comfortable and poor make common cause for and with him and his family for their support? Let us reflect for a moment, and we will see that in view of the high prices of salt, meat, meal, cards, wool, shoes, clothing, medicines, &c., the State and county taxes for their relief cannot half supply their absolute wants, and that the deficiency must be made up by private charity from those who can and should bestow it.

Let us recollect that in a large number of our counties, the poor largely exceeds the rich, while in many counties the rich largely exceed the poor, and hence these charities, confined to counties must fall most unequally and in many cases beyond their ability to meet and supply, while in others it must be small and trifling. Take the counties of Yazoo, Madison, Hinds, Holmes, Carroll, Monroe, Lowndes, Noxubee and many others and the revenue being large in these counties and the poor but few compared to the wealth and wealthy, and you will find the poor already well provided for; but take Leake, Attala, Winston, Choctaw, Neshoba, Scott, Newton, &c., where the revenue is small, and where the poor very largely exceed the rich, and you will find a destitution and distress that cannot be supplied by taxation or private charity in those counties. Shall they not be relieved, and who shall do it? Men of Yazoo, Holmes, Carroll, Hinds, Madison, Lowndes, Monroe, Noxubee, &c., will you not respond promptly and liberally to the necessities of the poor of Leake, Attala, Winston, Choctaw, Neshoba, Newton, Scott, Hancock, Harrison, Wayne, &c., &c.

Recollect that thousands of poor men have let their families, little fields, stock, and every thing behind them unprotected, undefended, dependant [sic] and in grief and distress, with but few in their midst able to help them, to stand as barriers between the destroying enemy, and you and your homes and prosperity, and all they ask is that you keep their families from suffering. It is a reasonable demand, and is due to them beyond all question. If you don't do it, can you be surprised to see the poor soldier desert the army, or can you look upon his absence from the army in the light of desertion under such circumstances?

Sickness, death, famine, and cries of entreaty for help in the poor family of the soldier, however brave and loyal in our cause he may be, are far more terrible to him than all the bayonets, powder, steel and bullets of the enemy, and he is more than human, patriot soldier and citizen who can, under such circumstances, remain in the service, a true and steadfast soldier.

Let us inquire into the true condition of our poor, and know why they are so poor and dependent—and devise ways and means for their relief. Let us send them money, salt, corn, cotton cards, wood, medicine, &c., and make the poor soldier and his family alike rejoice to know that we appreciate his service and their sacrifices, and are indeed his and their friends in need and a common cause. Let us send out a few of our negroes and distribute them among these poor families as a loan to cultivate their little farms under the guidance of some male



neighbor. Let us thus strengthen our army, nerve our poor soldiers and aid and console the poor families. Let each county organize into an aid society—send delegates to Jackson and form a State Aid Society, and through the latter, properly distribute the contributions of the former, where they are most needed. I know of no people who are better qualified for these purposes than our ministers of the Gospel—and appeal to them to take the matter in hand, and mould [sic] it into form, substance and relief. I would suggest Rev. J. T. Freeman as the man of mind, heart and energy, to lead in this matter. Let the work begin at once. I will give both labor and money freely.

Truly, &c.,

Robert.

April 14, 1863.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 22, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

#### Highly Commendable.

We have lately published the fact that several societies have been inaugurated in Georgia, and, also we think in Alabama, for the purpose of supplying provisions to families at as low a cost as possible—the only profit on what is sold being made just sufficient to pay the expenses of those employed to do the business.

It is gratifying to us to state that an organization of this kind has been got up in Jackson. The work was only commenced on Monday, and the subscription yesterday amounted to fourteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. Those who wish to aid in the matter may do so by attending the meeting of the stockholders, to-morrow, which will be held at Stewart & co's., banking house at 11 o'clock.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 23, 1863, p. 1, c. 6

#### Millinery Notice.

Mrs. J. S. Clark, would respectfully announce to the ladies of Clinton, and vicinity, that she is prepared to enlarge and re-trim bonnets. Orders must be left at her residence, one square from the Methodist Church.

Clinton, Miss., April 29.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 24, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Home Industry.—The Greensboro (Miss.) Motive, says we can scarcely pass a house when traveling but that we hear the hum of a wheel and the noise of a loom—worked by some fair hand, which is busily engaged in making clothes for some dear ones in the army. Go to church and there you can tell where home industry is—see the fair ones with bright eyes and glowing cheeks, dressed in their beautiful homespun. It is not with them who can sport the finest silks, but who can make the prettiest homespun.—How beautiful and comely they look in these dresses! God bless these fair ladies who are doing such a noble part by our soldiers. Can such a people be subjugated?

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], April 29, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

## An Appeal to the Ladies of Mississippi.

For the Mississippian.]

Beautiful daughters of our old Magnolia State, come from the festive halls with me.—the wide spreading banyan tree of mourning, now overshadows our once sunny South, in gloom; the dark cypress wreathes her brow in sorrow. Do you not hear the wild shrieks of our bleeding country—do you not hear the heart piercing groans of her wounded and dying men—do you not see the toil-worn, battle-scarred soldier, walking daily in our streets? Then why this gaiety, is it meet in such times as these?

Look at Carthage, when besieged for three long years, by the Romans. "The temples and other sacred places were turned into *work shops*; men and women, labored day and night, in the manufacture of arms; and the beautiful females cut off their long hair and twisted it into bowstrings." Thus says history. Now look at Vicksburg—the key stone of our Confederacy—the Gibraltar of the South. What a contrast! When she is threatened on every side by a powerful and vigilant foe, and her people should be humbled in "sack cloth and ashes," a correspondent of the "Memphis Appeal" writes: "It has now become a "military necessity," to have a ball, dance or party, once every two or three days." Shall that proud "hill city," which has for so long resisted the combined fleets of the enemy, now be laid low in the dust of humiliation? No, if her noble-hearted, self-sacrificing daughters, will only continue true to themselves, their country and their God, [scratch in microfilm] ever stand a grand living monument of Southern valor.

However, this is not the only place of amusement in our State, as the "concerts, tableaux," &c., given for the "benefit of the soldiers," will testify. In the "piping times of peace," such things would be really pleasant, but when "grim visaged war" frowns upon us, they do not harmonize well.

Another consideration is, they are not necessary to procure money for the soldiers. Just last week, in Jackson, a "Supply Association for the Poor," was formed, and in two days, fourteen thousand seven hundred dollars was subscribed. This proves what a little energy can do; let the ladies say money is needed, and means will not be refused. If we cannot work willingly and cheerfully for our brave defenders, without requiring "value received" in *pleasure*, we do not deserve the proud name of our State. These concerts, &c., have a wrong tendency, and when they occupy the ladies' time, the private soldier feels neglected and forgotten. Their influence is to draw our minds from the stern duties of war to the syren [sic] allurements of pleasure. Woman's unseen power over a nation's destiny is too great to be lightly dealt with. Our men legislature in the halls of Congress and wield the sword upon the battle-field, but woman, seated around the domestic hearth, engaged only in those industrial pursuits becoming her sphere, exerts an influence as potent as it is universal.

If time hangs so heavily during these "long, long weary days," and we must need have some amusement, better organize into companies and learn to use a pistol or fire a rifle, as we know not how soon every man may be called to arms and we left to defend our homes.

Oh! that our women, capable of such noble deeds, would lay aside all vanity, and determine to faithfully perform their sacred mission. We have not lost our patriotism; then let us firmly resolve to wait until "after the war, and then we will all join heart and hand in a glorious jubilee.

A Daughter of Mississippi.

## Wool Wanted!

10,000 pounds of wool wanted to make Hats and Blankets for the army, at our factory in Jackson, Miss.

D. R. Lemman & Bro.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], May 1, 1863, p. 2, c. 6

From Texas.—The Fort Brown Flag of March 20<sup>th</sup> gives a detailed account of the capture and release of the renegade Judge Davis. A party of Texas Rangers crossed the Rio Grande, surrounded the house in which Davis and Montgomery were lodged in company with a number of renegades, which at first showed fight, but they soon ran over the sandhills losing three men killed and some wounded.—Montgomery and Davis were brought over to the Texas side. Montgomery is said to have been hung immediately after he was landed. The Mexican authorities acted very promptly and very calmly. Governor Lopez simply made a demand for the surrender of the captured individuals, and as soon as General Bee could obtain possession of Davis he returned him to the Mexican authorities.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [JACKSON, MS], May 8, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

We infer that something of a panic exists south of us. Drove of negroes, mules &c., have been pressing through our village, northward and eastward bound, for some days. The stampede seems to have frightened many of our own citizens, and we hear of a number who have already started for distant parts with their slave property and every thing else they could carry. Georgia and East Mississippi appears to be favorite regions at present.—Raymond Gazette, 6<sup>th</sup>.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [MERIDIAN, MS], October 10, 1863, p. 1, c. 4

### Receipt for Dyeing.

Take red oak bark, sufficient to make four gallons of very strong dye, boil very strong, then strain it, and add two table spoons' full of blue stone, then dry [sic--dip?] your thread in the dye, then in strong ley, repeat it for four times, then hang out and let it get half dry, and rinse in clear water.

Blue Dye.—Take one quarter of a pound of extract of logwood, put into four gallons of water, boil one half an hour, add two table spoons' full of blue stone, put in your thread or cloth, boil one half hour more, take it out and let it air fifteen minutes longer, take out and wash out in warm soap suds, then rinse in clear water.

Black Dye.—Put a quarter of a pound of extract of logwood in three gallons of water, boil it thirty minutes, add two table spoons' full of copperas, put in your thread, boil fifteen minutes, take out, wash in strong soap suds, then air and rinse in clear water.

Yellow Dye.—Take of each a lot of sassafras, swamp bay, and butterfly root, put in four gallons of water, boil until strong, then strain and put in your thread or cloth and boil thirty minutes, take out and air fifteen minutes then rinse in clear water and let it dry.

Five pounds of thread can be dyed in any of these.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [MERIDIAN, MS], October 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Mr. A. D. Baily sends to the surgeon of the Shelby Springs Hospital one hundred dollars,

the net proceeds of a concert lately given by a few of the young ladies of Montevallo, Alabama, and states that the success of the entertainment is mainly attributable to the patronage of refugees from other States.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [MERIDIAN, MS], October 10, 1863, p. 3, c. 1

Long May It Wave.—The new Confederate flag, which is very beautiful, was hoisted at the Selma Arsenal yesterday forenoon, on which occasion a national salute was fired.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [MERIDIAN, MS], October 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Wayside Home.—The patriotic ladies of Selma, who are always active in the performance of good works, have determined to establish a Wayside Home for sick and wounded soldiers from time to time sojourning in the city.

DAILY MISSISSIPPIAN [MERIDIAN, MS], October 10, 1863, p. 2, c. 5

Wanted.

Fifteen white men, or well grown boys, are wanted to work in the Pyrotechnic Branch of the Laboratory at Selma Arsenal. Good wages paid. Apply immediately to

J. L. White,  
Lieut. Col. comd'g Selma Arsenal.

SUNDAY MISSISSIPPIAN [SELMA, AL], July 10, 1864, p. 2, c. 1

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.—We learn that one hundred and seventy-five sick and wounded soldiers will be sent to-day to the Marion Hospital. They are from Mississippi, and probably consist of the sick in the Jackson Hospital and the wounded in the late fight near Clinton.